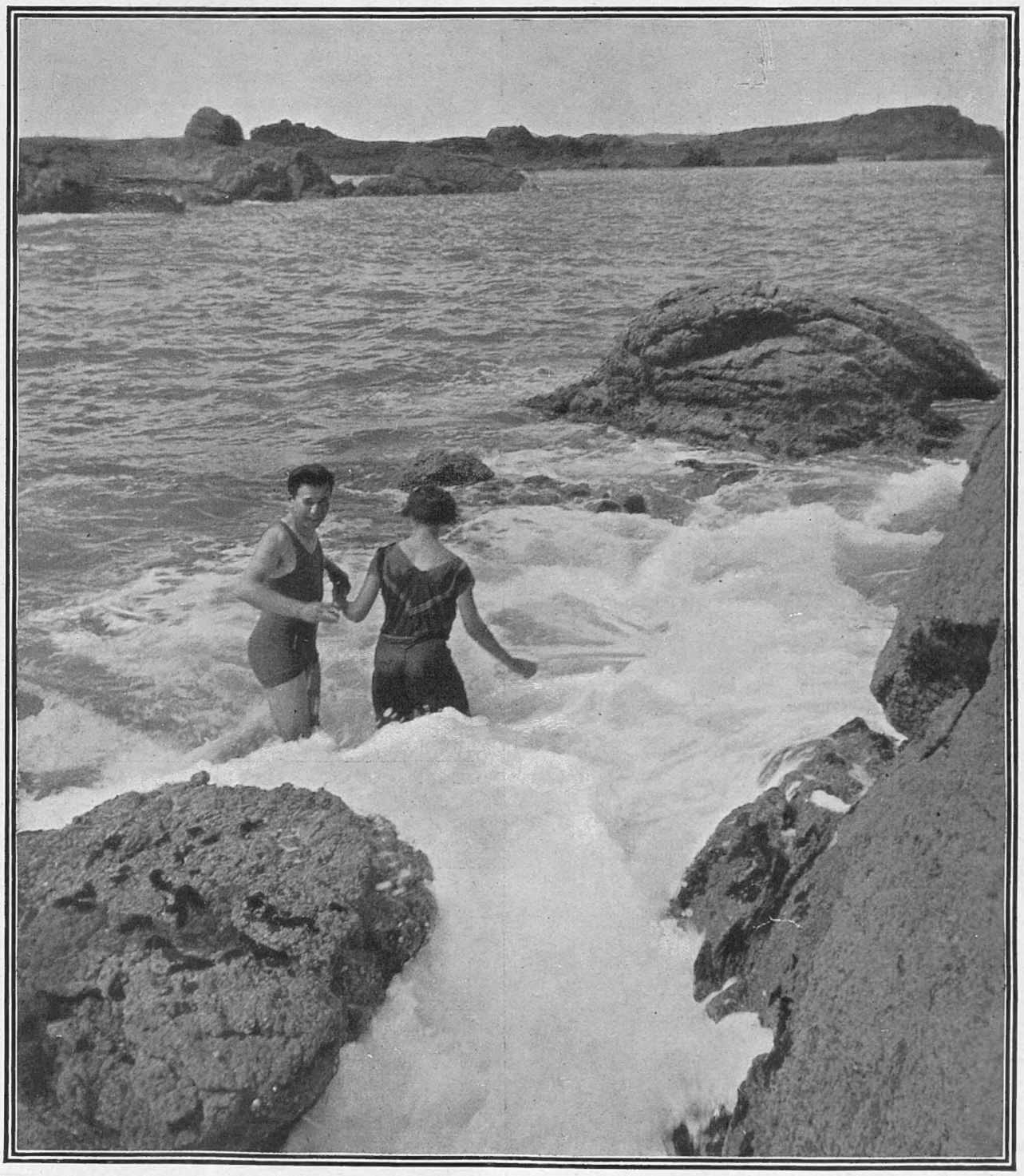
The Bystander, July 8, 1914.—No. 553. Vol. XLIII.

Politics, Society, & the Drama.

Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

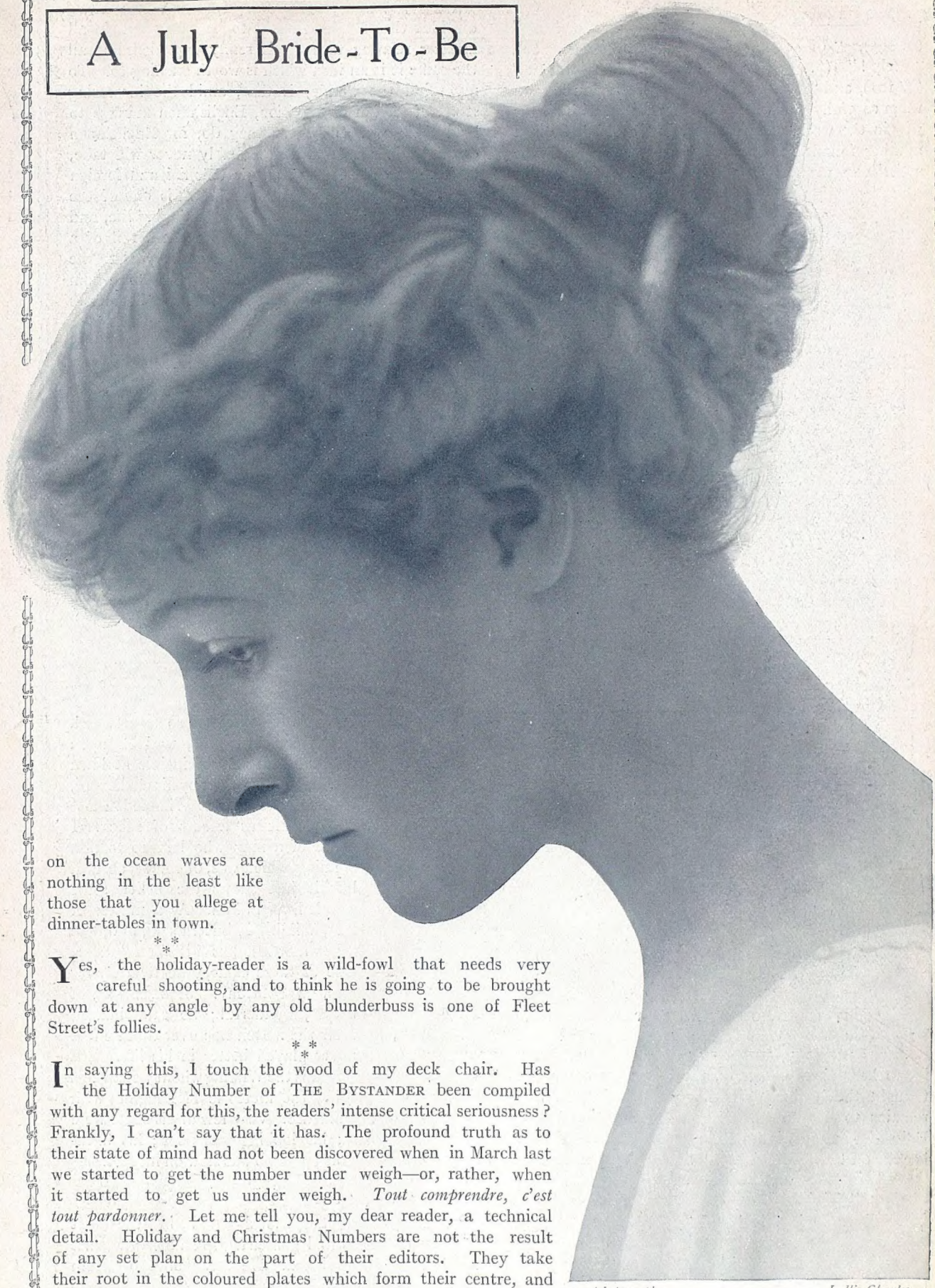
Art, Literature, & Sport.

The BYSTANDER



"90 IN THE SHADE"

A July Bride-To-Be



Photograph *Lallie Charles*

MISS KATHLEEN FITZ-GERALD

Daughter of Lady Maurice Fitz-Gerald, of Johnstown Castle, Wexford, and the late Lord Maurice Fitz-Gerald, second son of the fourth Duke of Leinster, whose marriage to Captain M. L. Lakin (late 11th Hussars)—youngest son of Sir Michael Lakin, Bart.—takes place in Ireland on the 18th of July

on the ocean waves are nothing in the least like those that you allege at dinner-tables in town.

* * *

Yes, the holiday-reader is a wild-fowl that needs very careful shooting, and to think he is going to be brought down at any angle by any old blunderbuss is one of Fleet Street's follies.

* * *

In saying this, I touch the wood of my deck chair. Has the Holiday Number of THE BYSTANDER been compiled with any regard for this, the readers' intense critical seriousness? Frankly, I can't say that it has. The profound truth as to their state of mind had not been discovered when in March last we started to get the number under weigh—or, rather, when it started to get us under weigh. *Tout comprendre, c'est tout pardonner.* Let me tell you, my dear reader, a technical detail. Holiday and Christmas Numbers are not the result of any set plan on the part of their editors. They take their root in the coloured plates which form their centre, and what these are going to be from year to year only a Greater than the Editor knows. As is the colour-plate dropped down before him by some Unseen Agent, so shall be the number. It happens that, this year, we had vouchsafed unto us the

pieces entitled respectively "Rounding the Cape" (p. 85), "Come Right Along Now" (p. 88), "Help!" (p. 91), "The Unkept Appointment" (p. 101), and "Saucy Sue" (p. 113). If you look at them carefully you will see that an editor, with all the will in the world to be serious, just couldn't be in a number founded upon such premises. It would be artistically wrong. So we didn't try. We just put

IT IS OBVIOUSLY AGAINST THEIR WILL, BUT—

It was equally obvious that these gentlemen could not be allowed within the covers of a Holiday Number of "The Bystander," so they were given their congé, as seen above

in, to keep them company, the sort of company we thought they'd like. Whether you will like it, too, remains to be proved. If you do not, the Acting Editor-in-Charge will be there to receive all criticism. We are off to the Midnight Sun. THE EDITOR

The Inevitable Wail

Broadly speaking, it has been a Yankee Henley and an Australasian Wimbledon. The dirge over the decadence of British athletics has once more been duly sung, and the appropriate pessimistic paragraphs have been duly published and perused. But this only shows that we have not yet got accustomed to being beaten—which is quite as it should be. The old idea that England ought to be paramount in all matters relating to sport is really exploded, but all the same it is an idea which is worth sticking to. To my mind the wonder is that, amid the increasing stress of foreign competition, Englishmen manage to hold their own as well as they do, for Englishmen certainly do not take, and probably never will take, their sport as seriously as their Colonial and foreign rivals. To an Englishman sport is one of the best and healthiest ways of enjoying life, and nothing will induce him to make a toil of a pleasure. No wonder, therefore, that he "gets left" sometimes by those to whom sport is one of the serious businesses of life.

***

Leander's "Laissez-Faire"

Leander might quite possibly have been able to raise a crew good enough to win the Grand even from the fine Harvard eight that actually won it, but they didn't give themselves a fair chance. When the Leander eight was finally made up the time left for practice and training was really too short unless by a sort of miracle they could manage to "get together" right away. But they didn't, and as compared with Harvard, they were little better than a scratch crew. They gave them a race and that was about all.

***

Wilding's Defeat

People have become so accustomed, since last year, to look upon A. F. Wilding as invincible at lawn tennis that his defeat by his challenger, Norman Brookes, at Wimbledon last week, came as a sort of shock. I heard of a man who laid 10 to 1 on Wilding, which was, of course, absurd, but it just shows the belief some people have in him. As a matter of fact, Wilding is but mortal, and, like other mortals, has his "off" days. One of these came, unfortunately for him, on Saturday. Brookes was, of course, wonderful; he said himself after the match was over that he had never played better in his life. But Wilding was by no means the Wilding whom we saw this time last year beating the meteoric McLoughlin with such deliberate confidence. Very few of his shots were really cleanly hit; his lobbing was poor; his backhand was unreliable; and he was slow on his feet.

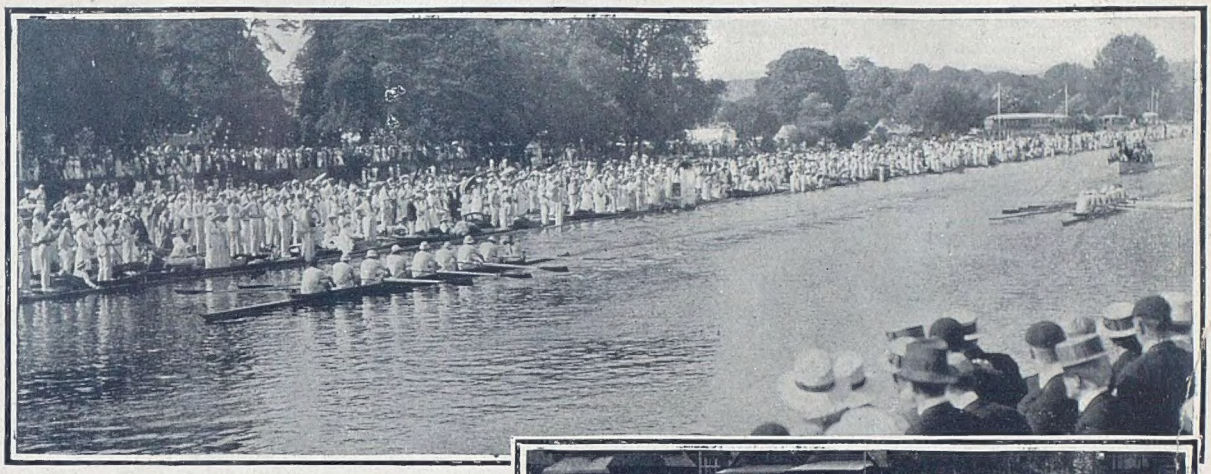
***

Brookes the Masterful

Brookes began auspiciously and in the first few games he had gained a grip on his antagonist which was never relaxed. He was "on top" from the start to the finish, and although there was just one period in the third set when Wilding looked like keeping the match alive, Brookes was equal to the occasion. The way in which he played those last few games

(Continued on page 66)

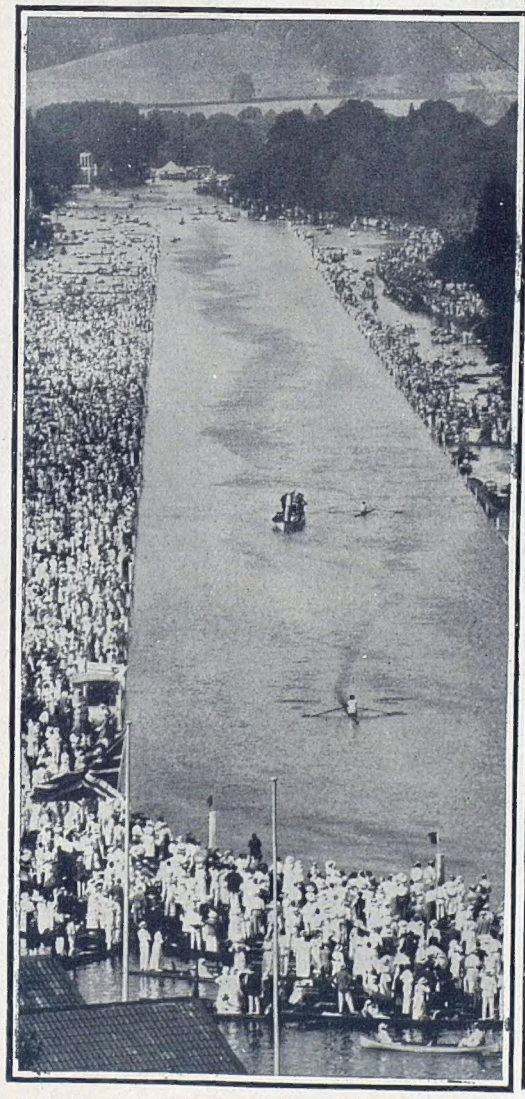
Victors and Vanquished at Henley and Wimbledon



These two photographs give an admirable demonstration of the intense strain of a gruelling finish at Henley—or, as far as that goes, anywhere else where rowing is taken seriously. The upper picture was taken just before the finish of the race for the Grand Challenge Cup, won by Harvard from the Union B.C., Boston, U.S.A. Both crews are here seen swinging well together. In the second the tension is relaxed, and the crews collapse over their stretchers, utterly rowed out

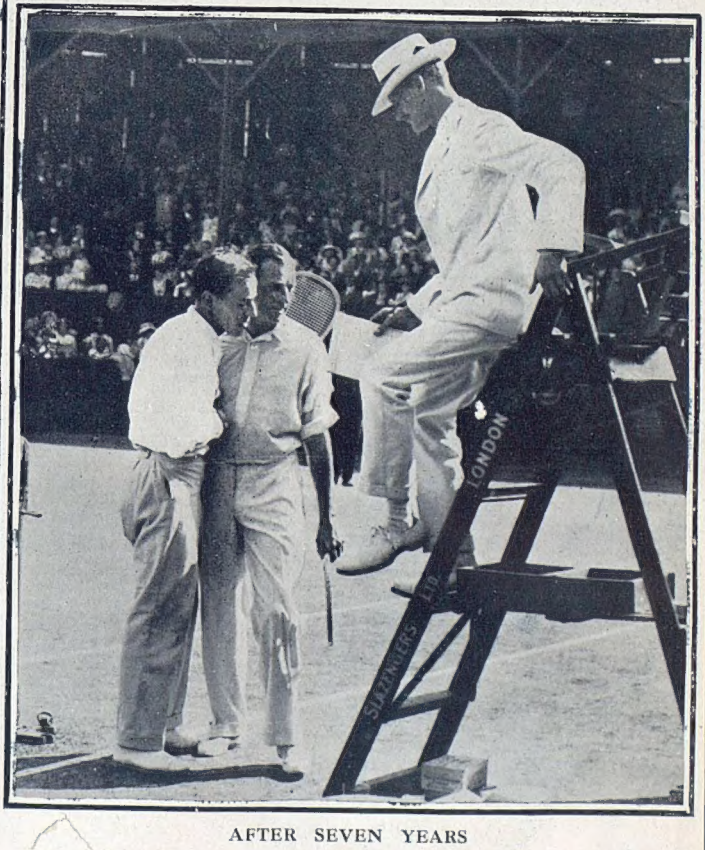
THE FINISH FOR THE GRAND CHALLENGE CUP

Won by Harvard from Union B.C., Boston, U.S.A. Both crews are seen rowed out after the race



THE FINISH OF THE DIAMONDS

A bird's-eye view of the course, showing Giuseppe Sinigaglia winning, and Colin Stuart stopping, rowed out



AFTER SEVEN YEARS

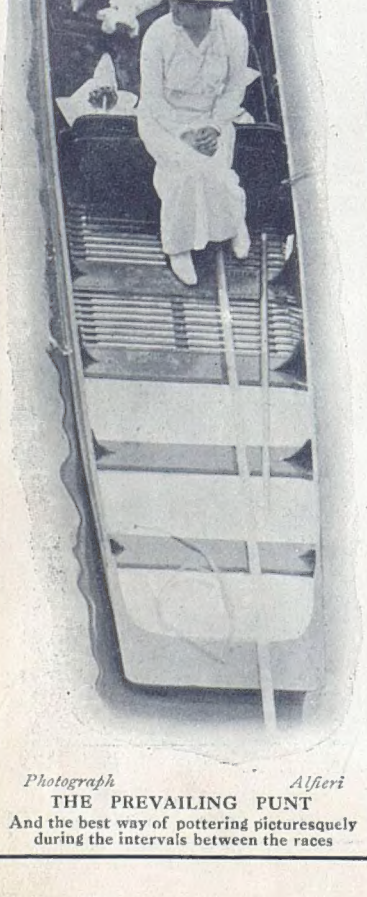
Norman Brookes regains the World's Championship, and grips Wilding his opponent by the hand, while the umpire, H. T. Schmidt, smiles approval

A Mixed Grill of Sport in

Photograph *Sport and General*

SCHOOLBOY OARSMEN AT HENLEY

The Shrewsbury and Bedford Grammar School eights after the finish of their heat, won by Shrewsbury in the Ladies' Plate



Photograph *Alfieri*

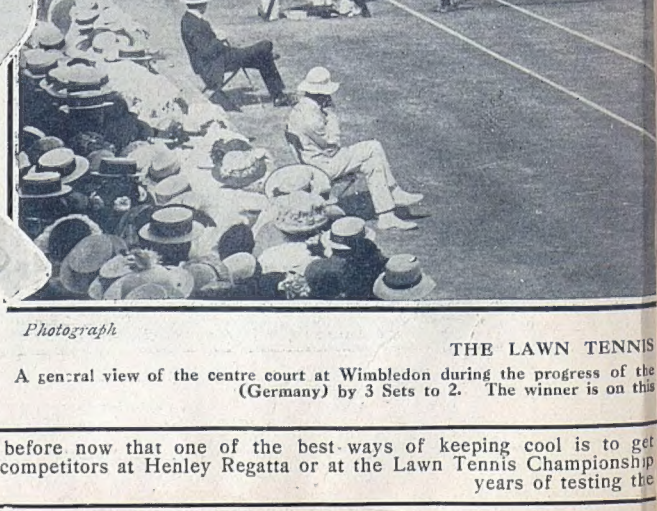
THE PREVAILING PUNT

And the best way of pottering picturesquely during the intervals between the races

Photo L.N.A.

OTTO FROITZHEIM

The German champion, who was second, after a great fight, to Norman Brookes in the final of the All Comers' Singles at Wimbledon. His attitude at the finish of a backhand drive is well shown here



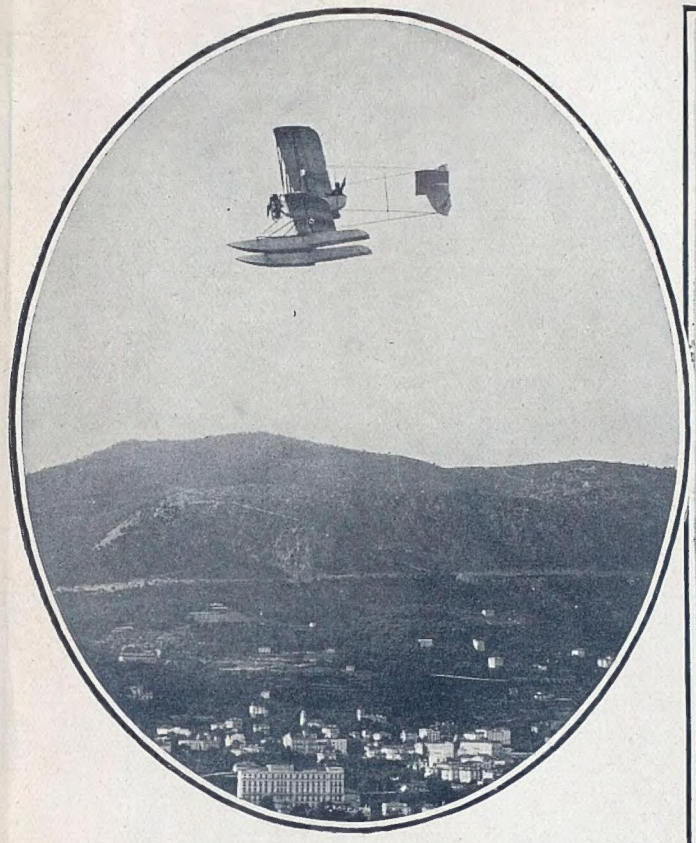
Photograph

THE LAWN TENNIS

A general view of the centre court at Wimbledon during the progress of the (Germany) by 3 Sets to 2. The winner is on this

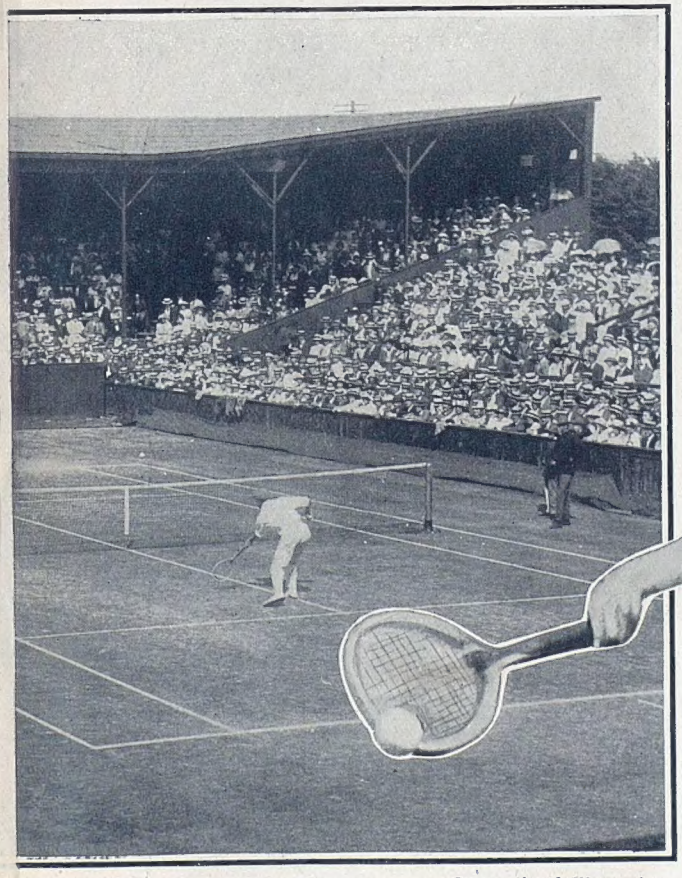
It has been remarked before now that one of the best ways of keeping cool is to get where it did last week competitors at Henley Regatta or at the Lawn Tennis Championship years of testing the

Last Week's Grilling Sunshine



MR. PARIS SINGER'S AIRMAN

Flying in his waterplane in the South of France—and keeping, doubtless, marvellously "cool" in more senses than one



International Illustrations

CHAMPIONSHIPS

All-Comers' Final, in which Norman Brookes (Australia) beat Otto Froitzheim side of the net in his favourite volleying position

Photograph Central News

WILL SHE DO IT?

Shamrock IV., the yacht on which England's hopes of lifting the America Cup are centred, photographed from the deck of Shamrock III. off Torbay, where she was tried successfully under her new cutter rig

Photo Photo Illus. Co.

NORMAN BROOKES

Cleverly snapping up a ball that has almost passed him on the backhand side

as hot as possible by taking violent exercise. With the thermometer standing Meeting at Wimbledon had the best chance that has been available for some validity of this theory

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

(From page 62)

was masterful in the extreme. There was a slight outbreak of fire underneath one of the stands just before the finish, but so intent were the spectators on the game that only a comparative few knew of it.

a select spot, criticising the faces, costumes, hats, not to mention the punting of those who pass by. And if you want to see the racing, as some people really do, what better spot can you choose?

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Criticism

I wonder, though, whether something could not be done to curb the activities of some of the river "minstrels." In former days there were some really quite agreeable concert-parties who sang just the kind of songs calculated to please visitors. Nearly all these seem to have gone, and this year those sitting in Phyllis Court were tortured by four excessively blatant individuals who moved very slowly along the bank in a punt singing the kind of songs you hear outside public-houses on Saturday nights; songs neither amusing nor catchy, nor, indeed, anything but just horrible.

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English Watering-Places

I am delighted that English watering-places have at last found a few admirers in the persons of various French editors, who, I strongly suspect, did not have to pay their own hotel bills or wrestle with the cooking of local landladies. Still, if foreigners can only be persuaded to come to the seaside in England there will be more room for us at the seaside in France.

* *
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Necessary Ice

It has been hot, and the newspapers have made us feel still hotter by talking at great length about the heat and getting medical men—by-the-bye, who

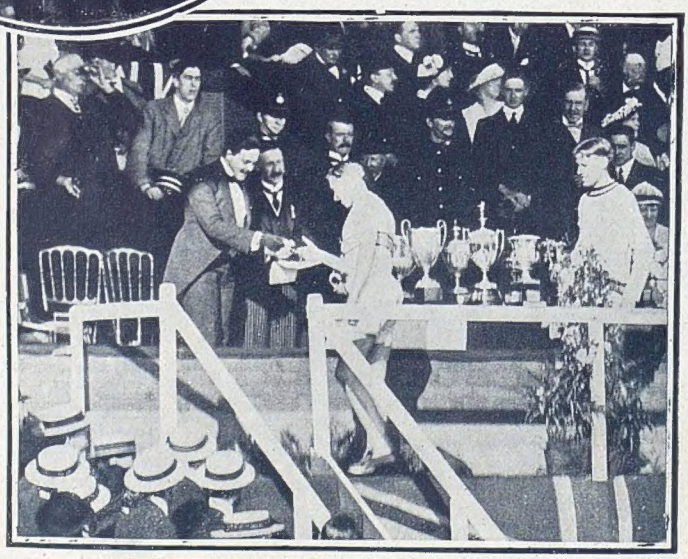
THREE SPORTING PRESENTATIONS

HER MAJESTY AT HURLINGHAM

Presenting the Inter-Regimental Polo Cup to Capt. T. R. Badger of the 12th Lancers, who beat the 1st Life Guards by seven goals to six in the final on Saturday last. The King and the Prince of Wales may be seen on the right

VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN AT HENLEY

Presenting the Diamond Challenge Sculls to Giuseppe Sinigaglia, who beat Colin Stuart in the final on Saturday



DOM MANOEL AT STAMFORD BRIDGE

Presenting the prizes to the winners in the Amateur Athletic Championships held on Saturday last

White and Pink Henley

Decidedly Henley is to the upper-middle-class what Ascot is to the upper-class. It is, in a sense, not "smart" at all—and none the worse on that account. If you like pretty girls in rather nice white frocks and rather nice pink hats Henley is hard to beat. On the contrary, if you do not you will get very angry with white and pink. The white especially becomes monotonous and under a hot sun unpleasantly glaring. I confess, though, that the one Martine "summer-hat" and modern dress I saw looked most distinguished among the others.

* *
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Phyllis Court

Anyhow, Henley was a great success from the social point of view last week, and I do not think that the Phyllis Court Club, with its lovely garden, ever looked better. It is difficult to imagine anything more agreeable than to sit in the comfortable chairs along the bank of the Club enclosure, hoping your friends will see you in such

Monopolising the Party Machines

LL. G. : "'Hammering on the machines,' are they? Well, let 'em hammer!—we're not going out for ever so long!"

BY E. T. REED

Photograph *Central News*

SPEECH DAY AT HARROW: THE SCENE ON THE TERRACE

On Thursday last, Harrovians, past and present, with the usual entourage of relatives, friends, and distinguished visitors, celebrated Speech Day on "The Hill." After the customary festivities, including "Speeches" at noon and afterwards luncheon parties in the various houses, the visitors spent the remainder of the afternoon, as seen above, strolling about the beautiful Terrace in front of the Vaughan Library, listening to the band and inspecting the school buildings

are these "medical correspondents" seemingly attached to the staff of every paper?—to tell us obvious facts about what not to eat and what to wear. Incidentally, I always marvel at this time of year how and why the average English household manages to do without ice and an ice-chest. Not so much to make iced drinks, though nobody really likes tepid water, as to keep the milk and butter fresh. Ice is not expensive, and it seems rather curious that that which, in America, is given away to the poor by way of charity is here regarded as little less than a luxury.

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Our Annual Complaint

Once again the Bystander must register his annual protest against the absence of a proper open-air swimming-bath in London. When shall we copy Paris and make use of our river for that purpose? Incidentally, I may say that if the White City ever decides to give up the ghost, a little deepening would make the expanse of water in the "Court of Honour" an absolutely first-class bathing-place. This suggestion is *not* copyright.

* *
*

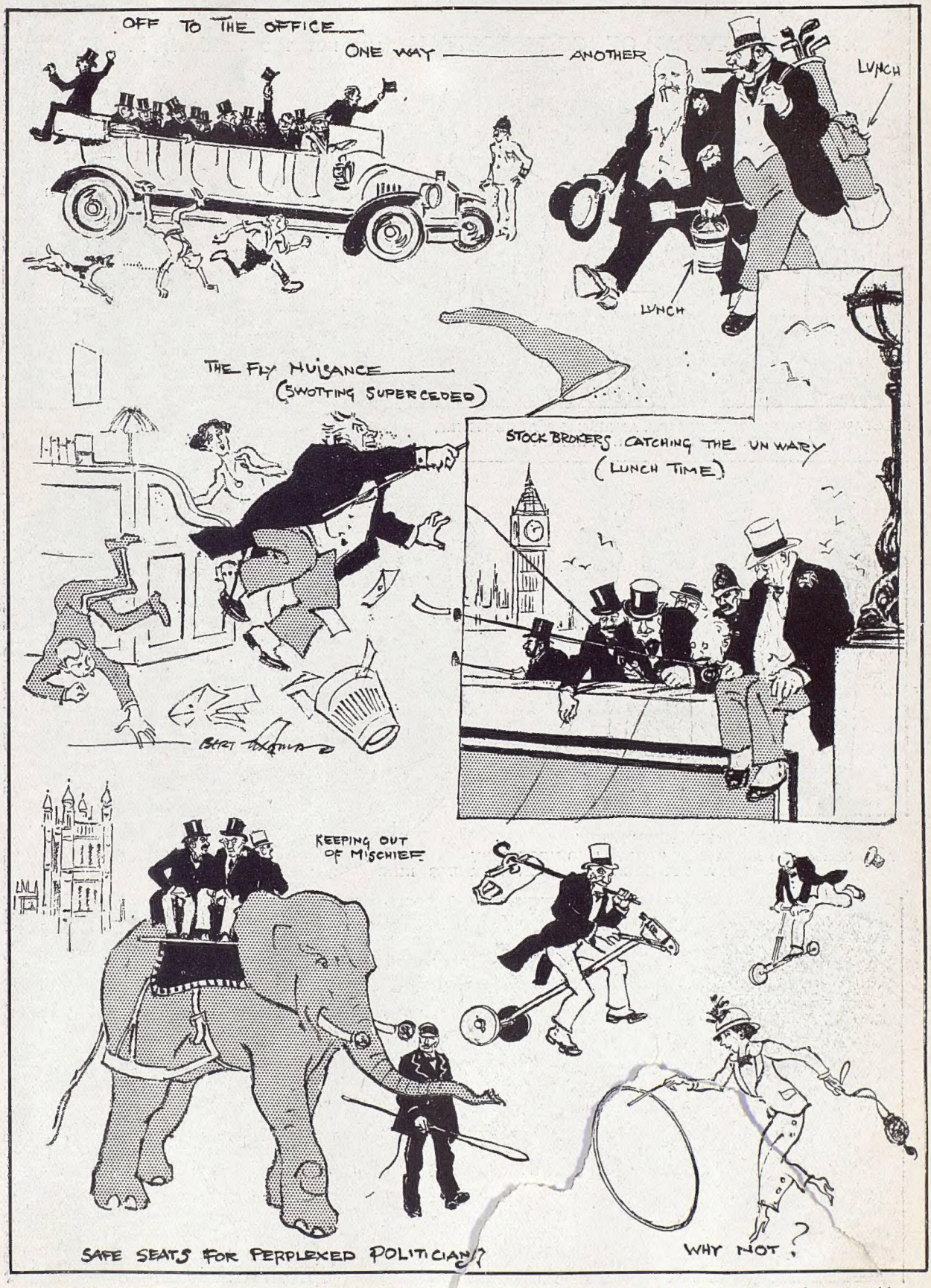
L.C.C. Tennis

A correspondent writes: "Why is it that the L.C.C., that august body, finds it so difficult to do things thoroughly? The other evening my way took me across the Parliament Hill Fields, whereon are many so-called tennis courts provided by a benevolent Council for the use of what some of its members would doubtless describe as The People. The Council having assented to the principle that it is a good thing for Londoners to play tennis, provides them with the means to do so. But such a means! Lumpy courts with no signs of having been rolled this side of last Christmas, right up against one another with no nets between, so that the balls of adjacent sets get hopelessly mixed up and players are for ever running into one another. Surely the expenditure of the little extra money that would make the courts really playable would be amply compensated for by the increased pleasure of the players, and if the L.C.C. is really hard up a nominal charge of a penny or two for an hour's play would bring in quite a handsome profit."

As we go to press the news of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's death comes to throw a general gloom over our holiday mood. To attempt within these limits even to hint at the significance of such an event would be merely an impertinence. In any case it is not necessary. Englishmen do not need to be reminded of the overwhelming importance of a personality like Chamberlain's. Death has already exacted a heavy toll from our public men this week. Lord Wemyss and Sir Benjamin Stone are both dead. Any detailed consideration of them would be out of place in a number such as this, but we are none the less mindful of their loss on that account.

The Holiday Spirit

AND HOW IT MIGHT ENLIVEN THE DAILY ROUND IN TOWN



The holiday spirit is in the air—witness this present number of "The Bystander." But why confine so joyous a thing to the country and the seaside for a brief period of the summer? Let us give vent to our holiday spirits to add a little gaiety to the dull, drab routine of life in London town—as seen above

BY BERT THOMAS

"LE SENTIER DE LA VERTU"

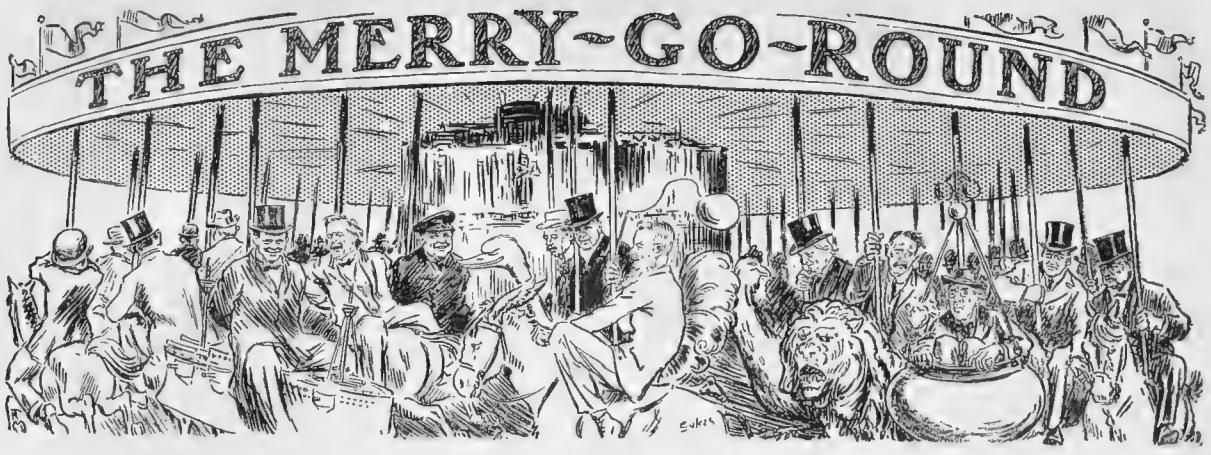
THE RENDEZVOUS OF COSMOPOLITAN (AND NOT TOO VIRTUOUS) PARIS

SPECTATORS: GERMANS, ENGLISH, AMERICANS, ARGENTINES, AND EVEN OCCASIONALLY FRENCH

THE INEVITABLE "NUTS"
AND (on the right) A GLASS OF "PORTO," SO NECESSARY TO A TYPICALLY PARISIAN MORNING RIDE

THE PREPONDERATING FEMININE ELEMENT

The so-called "Sentier de la Vertu," a well-known part of the Bois de Boulogne, is famed for being the rendezvous of the Paris which lives in public, that section of society which you see in restaurants at first nights, on the race-course rather than in private houses. It is a remarkable, ultra-elegant world this, composed of well-known actresses, exotic princesses, distinguished foreigners, "nuts," the feminine element preponderating, as befits anything so typically Parisian



OR CURRENT TOPICS CAUGHT FLYING

So entranced are Mr. Lloyd George's admirers by his increasingly deft manipulations of the Budget that mere praise of him has lately left them. They can only murmur faintly to one another, "The Pégoud of Politics!"

* * *

In the City, meanwhile, business men, owing largely to the lack of business, have been rediscussing that old problem—which end is the most merciful that civilised men can offer to the unpardonable sinner? Death by drowning seems to get the larger number of votes, though there are people who would like to have him pecked to death by pheasants.

* * *

Are you nervy? Run down? Pale? Have you that sick tired feeling? Does life seem to you not worth living? If so, apparently the thing is to go to Ulster for a holiday. The journey there seems to cost the merest trifle, and if the breaking-point is reached during your travels you may not need a return ticket. Anyway, the scenery is delicious, and the sport (which consists largely of gun-running) bracing in the extreme.

* * *

Collections, it is said, are now being made outside some of the Irish churches, the object being to buy guns for the I.N.U. And soon, no doubt, it will be quite the thing for poorer members of the congregation who cannot afford their threepenny bit just to drop a cartridge into the bag.

* * *

The antipathy that Headmasters have always felt for parents has been increased by recent occurrences at Eton, and a story is now being told that the Headmaster of a certain public school, on being urged recently by one of his staff to expel a boy, said dolefully, "First, Mr. Robinson, let us make sure that the lad is an orphan."

* * *

"Americans, with a view to extending a welcome to England, are going to invite the band of the Grenadier Guards to come to San Francisco to play during the Exhibition." It is a pleasant idea, and should increase the cordial feeling between this country and the United States, particularly if the Grenadier Guards will only blow American trumpets.

* * *

Journalists rarely expect rewards, being content to do their duty. All the same, we do think it a little hard that the able body of war correspondents who so brilliantly reported the battles in which Lance-Corporal the Prince of Wales took part last week are not to be granted either a medal or a clasp.

* * *

Simple lifers who are afraid that old age will prevent them from enjoying their usual meals in the usual style will be interested to hear—on the authority of the *Daily Mail*—that "Mrs. Maria Roberts, of Ivy House, Grayton, Northamptonshire, who was ninety-five years old recently, is still able to crack nuts with her teeth."

* * *

Extravagance in the matter of frocks is always to be deplored, but frankly we consider that "the night-gown for day wear"—as advertised in a contemporary—is carrying the thrifty idea of making one dress do for two just a little too far.

THE MARTYR

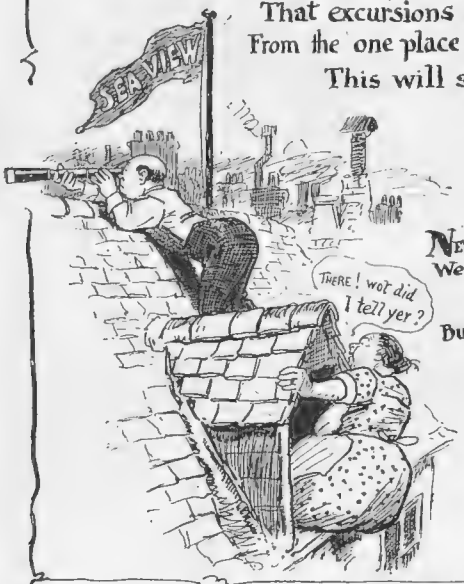
"Now, look 'ere! Wot is yer little game? Fust yer gives a blow up th' pipe, an w'en I arsks yer wotcher wants yer gives a blow in me ear; an' w'en I goes ter arsk yer wotcher playin' at I gets a blow in me mouth. Who d'yer take me for—Gunboat Smith?"

Hints for Holiday-Makers

HULLO HOLIDAYS!

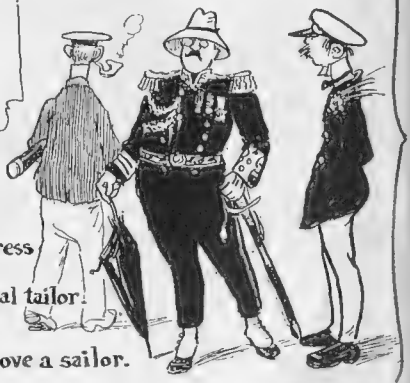
Wives and husbands, so they say,
Should separate on holiday.
They should fix before they start
On places fairly far apart,
And it should be understood
That excursions are tabooed
From the one place to the other;
This will save a lot of bother.

(Meetings such as the above
Tend to blast connubial love.)



A WARNING

Never, never take a cottage with the name "Sea View."
We did it once and went there full of hope;
True, to see it we were able
From the very topmost gable,
But we had a very powerful telescope.



THE NAUTICAL NUT

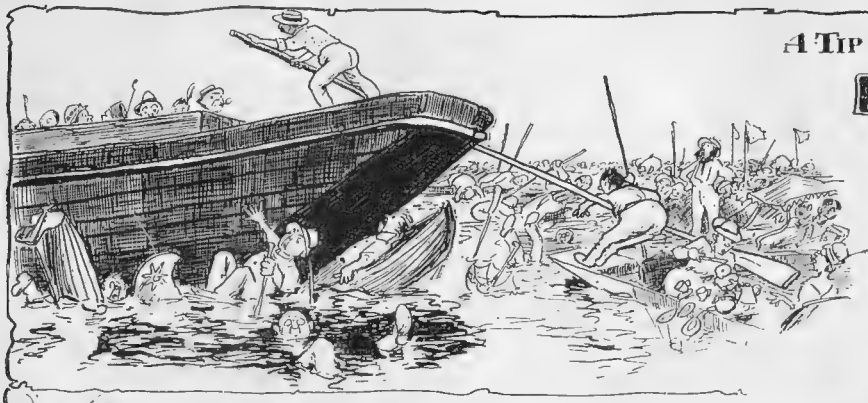
If the crowd you would impress
Pay attention to your dress
And consult a really tip-top naval tailor.
As an admiral you'd cut
Out the ordinary "knut,"
For, remember, all the nice girls love a sailor.

When starting on a holiday,
Buy, before you go away,
Foreign labels of hotels
Patronized by all the swells.
Gum them on your luggage neatly,
Tear them here and there discreetly,
And with dirt just slightly soil them
But be careful not to spoil them,
And men, with envy in their hearts,
Will see you've been to foreign parts.

At the seaside should you be
Watching bathers in the sea,
It is quite the best of larks
Suddenly to call out "Sharks!"
It will simply make you roar
To see them scurry for the shore.
(Before they dress its just as well
For you to be in your hotel.)

When you're in a crowded yacht
And you wish that there were not
Quite so many fellows there
To monopolise the fair,
Watch your opportunity
And quickly put the helm a-lee.
Then the accommodating boom
Is sure to leave you lots of room

By Sea, River, and—at Home



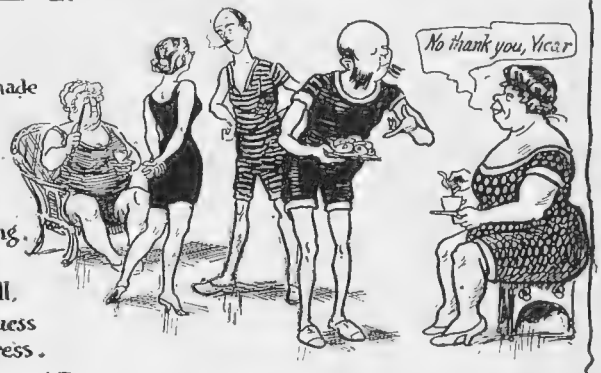
A Tip For Regattas

If original you'd be,
Take this little tip from me
Hire an ordinary barge,
(See that it is nice and large)
Send out heaps of invitations.
To your friends & your relations.
In a craft like this you'll scatter
All the boats at a Regatta
And if keen upon the races
Get the pick of all the places.

Going to church

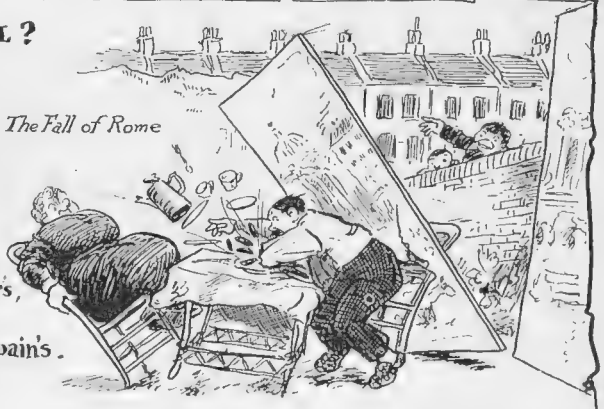
Why Change?

Bathing costumes now are made
Almost fit for the parade.
And in fact they are so pretty
That it almost seems a pity
That the fashionable throng
Shouldn't wear them all day long.
In the lounge at the hotel
They would look extremely well,
And at dinner few would guess
Ladies weren't in evening dress.



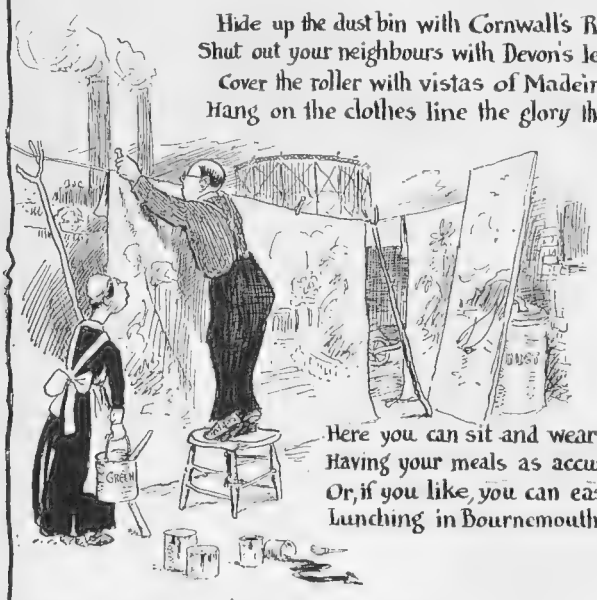
But—Why Go Away At All?

If you've a garden why go out of Town, sir?
Save all the worry and most of the expense
Buy some nice canvas & paints (blue, green & brown, sir,
And stick up your favourite haunts upon the fence



The Fall of Rome

Hide up the dust bin with Cornwall's Riviera,
Shut out your neighbours with Devon's leafy lanes,
Cover the roller with vistas of Madeira,
Hang on the clothes line the glory that is Spain's.



A puddle in the pathway will represent the seashore,
Rocks (made of canvas) will help to give effect,
A small model yacht on its side upon a lee-shore
Will indicate a ship that has recently been wrecked.

Here you can sit and wear your oldest clothes out,
Having your meals as accustomed to, at home,
Or, if you like, you can easily have those out,
Lunching in Bournemouth & breakfasting in Rome.

Think what you'd save in money and in trouble, sir,
Even a day at Margate or Southend
Would, at the least, cost very nearly double, sir.
You take my tip and stay at home, my friend!

W. HODGSON BURNET

BY THOMAS MAYBANK

The Successful Results

OF OUR PHOTOGRAPHER'S USUAL SEASIDE TOUR

HE FOUND TWO SIRENS NEAR BOURNEMOUTH—

—AND A DIVING BELLE AT WORTHING—

—WHO WASN'T ALWAYS DIVING—

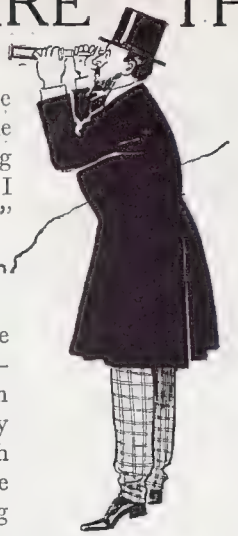
—WHILE TWO MORE ACROSS CHANNEL AT TROUVILLE—

Photographs *Clive Holland*

—AND TWO SUN-BATHERS ON THE DORSET COAST WERE ENOUGH TO MAKE UP A NICE COOL PAGE

Our photographer has made the first of this year's tours round the coast in search of beauty, bathing and basking. Like the lucky fellow he is, he has once again succeeded in discovering what we alas! always seem to miss

WHERE ARE THE ENGLISH?



A QUESTION WHICH IS BEING ASKED ALL OVER THE CONTINENT

BY "THE TRAVELLER"

A Dozen Britishers

"WHERE," said the hotel-keeper to me as we sat smoking an after-lunch cigar, "where, I ask you, are the English?" And he handed me a copy of the local visitors' list, where opposite each mis-spelt name was given the more or less correct locality whence its owner came. The list was a long one, and out of it all I was—with care—able to pick out about a dozen names which might in justice be called British. There were Germans by the hundred and Russians; there were enough South Americans to bring about a revolution; there were not a few Austrians and Italians and a goodly sprinkling of Danes and Swedes; and, of course, there were Americans by the dozen. But the English were as rare as Mr. George's refreshing fruit.

The Wrong Explanation

"Do you think it is," said I as I handed him back the list, "that we English travel less than in the past, or that we are, as it were, swamped by the other nations, who travel infinitely more?" "Swamped? Nonsense," returned the *hôtelier*. "I've heard that explanation time and time again. But it's absolutely unsatisfactory. Take this very hotel. Ten years ago at this season it was more than half filled with English. To-day, with the exception of yourself and those old ladies over there, there is not a Briton in the house. No, it must be either that you English are giving up the habit of Continental travel or that Lloyd George has emptied your pockets to such an extent. . . ."

"I don't like Lloyd George," I interrupted, "but, still, I'm scarcely inclined to hold him responsible."

"Anyway, you English don't travel as you used to," said the hotel-keeper, rising. "I'm going to give orders for the name of this house to be changed from Hotel d'Angleterre to Berlinerhof or Buenos Aires Palace," he added, as he went off in the direction of his office.

Now, this is a true report of a real conversation—one of many similar talks that I have had with *hôteliers* all over the Continent. I have heard the same moan in Paris, in Nice, in Aix-les-Bains, and even in Switzerland. And I have heard another moan, too—one to the effect that whereas in the "good old days" your Englishman was the best customer an hotel-keeper could have, nowadays he is among the keenest at driving a bargain. Years ago the generosity of the *milord* was proverbial; to-day it scarcely exists. At least so they say who should be best able to judge.

The Influence of Motoring

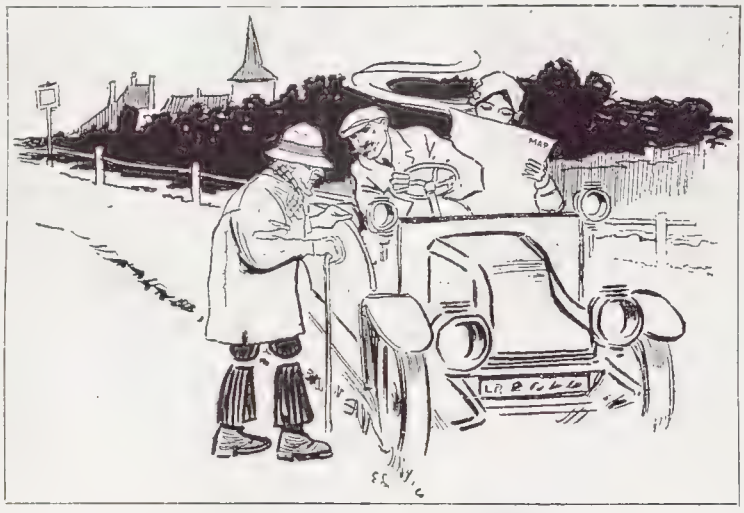
Personally, at one time I was myself inclined to give credence to the "swamping" argument. It seemed to me that it was quite possible that the total of English travellers remained the same, but that the number of other nationalities who wander about the Continent had so enormously increased as to make us Britons appear of little account. But the more I travel, the less faith am I inclined to put in that explanation of the "English famine." For one only has to consult statistics to become convinced that, so far as the Continent of Europe is concerned, English people undoubtedly do travel less than in the days when travel was far less easy and far more expensive. Again, the falling-off in the number of English visitors is not confined to one or two places or districts. It is general, and, curiously enough, it is often most marked at those "resorts" which were formerly prime favourites with the Britisher. Take a place like St. Moritz, for example. At one time, and that not long ago, it was to all intents and purposes an English village. To-day the Britisher is in a considerable minority. And the same remark applies to no end of erstwhile favourite English resorts all over Europe. No, we have got to look elsewhere for the cause of this undoubted famine. Mr. Lloyd George may be in part responsible, but only in part, and the time is scarcely yet ripe for him to become the Continental hotel-keeper's *bête noire*. The increased and ever-increasing popularity of the motor-car has certainly got a great deal to do with it, for a motor-car of necessity entails augmented expenditure, and the first thing that suggests itself to the mind bent on economy is the cutting-down of holiday expenses. Moreover, the motor-car offers hitherto inexperienced temptations to stay at home, bad though the average British inn may be. At any rate, it certainly has failed to give any impetus to foreign travel.

The Real Reason

But to my mind the chief reason for the decrease in English patronage on the Continent is the fact that the Englishman is changing his character. He is

"He is becoming every year more and more stay-at-home"

becoming every year more and more of a stay-at-home. He is at last waking up to the fact—thanks in no small measure to the enterprise of the railway companies—that his own country is worth seeing, after all. And, putting the railway companies aside, his car persuades him to remain *chez lui*. A tour in Great Britain means the avoidance of a Channel crossing, of customs' formalities, and of a great deal of extra expense—and here Mr. Lloyd George may be partly responsible for the Continental *hôtelier's* lament.



"His car persuades him to remain 'chez lui'"

Other Suggestions

That the decrease of British patronage of the Continent can be put down to other causes is quite possible. Yet it seems difficult to discover other explanations. I have heard the Riviera put down the comparative dearth of the English visitor to the increasing popularity of Egypt; but that very same winter Egypt was bewailing the poverty of its season. I have heard Biarritz and Pau attribute a comparatively poor season to the attractions of the winter-sport places, yet at the same moment Switzerland was grumbling at the absence of snow, and, consequently, of visitors. I have been told that the sole cause of what is no real "famine" at all is merely the enormous increase in the number of Continental hotels and the consequent scattering of the British *clientèle*—an argument which fails promptly to the ground when applied to such places where there has been no addition to the list of hotels for years!

The Stay-at-Home Englishman

No. Surely the best explanation of the matter is that the Englishman is growing into a stay-at-home. Only last week-end I was sitting on the lawn of a seaside cottage in Sussex. It was a glorious day with all nature at her best. Said my host to my hostess: "My dear, I have been thinking very seriously. What do you say if we don't go to Pontresina for August, after all, and stay here instead?" "What do I say?" replied my hostess, "only this—that that's the most sensible suggestion I've heard you make for years!"

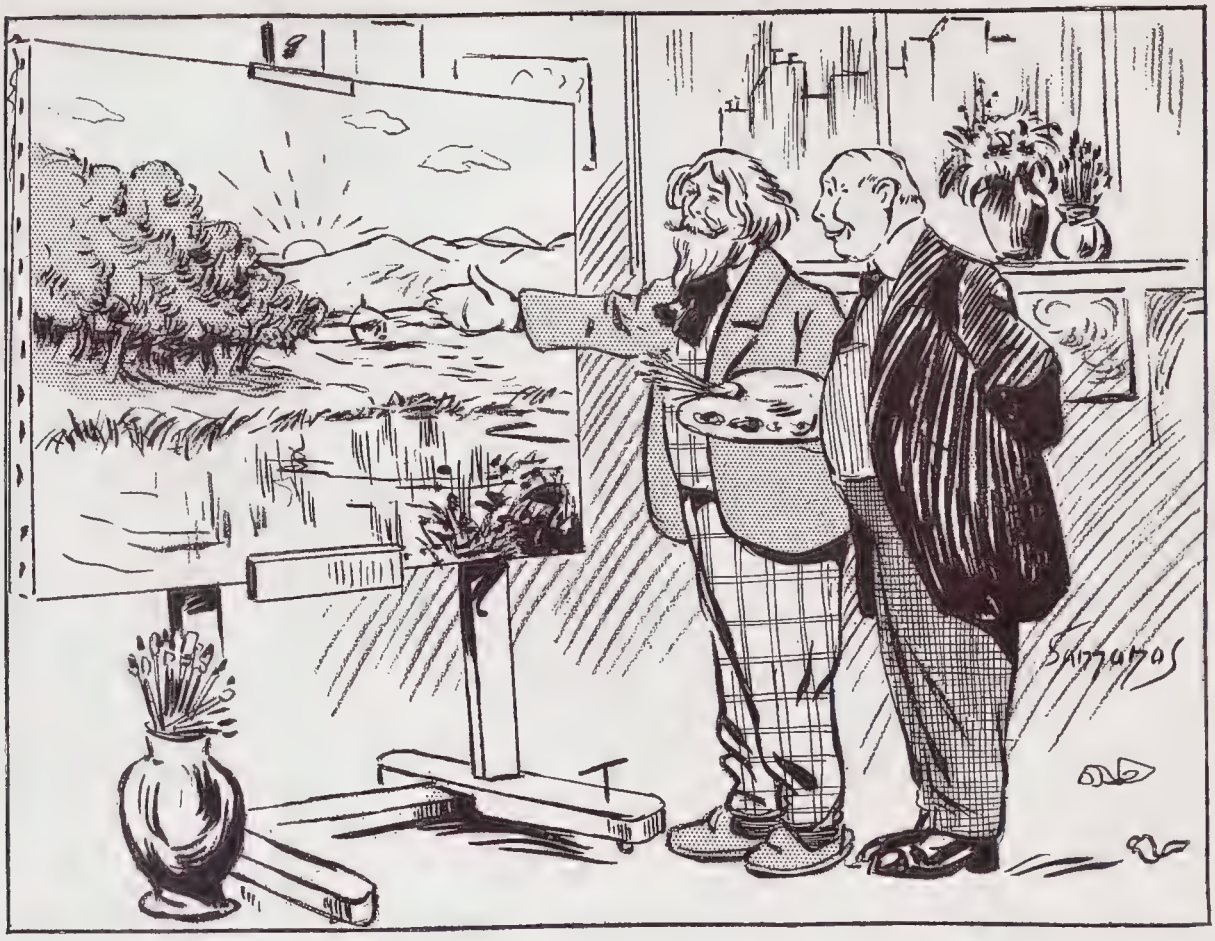
THE TRAVELLER.

N'IMPORTE!

BY SAMANOS

LUI: "Eh! eh! la baronne toujours vingt ans"
ELLE: "Oui . . . . plutôt deux fois qu'une"

Studiologisms



ODI PROFANUM

PAINTER: "Well, Mr. Newrich, what do you think of my landscape? You will find in it all the beauties of nature—plain, forest, mountain, river, and . . ."
MR. NEWRICH: "That's all very nice as long as the station is not far away!"

MAGNA EST VERITAS

PAINTER (engaged upon a very flattering portrait): "My father always wanted me to be a barrister, but my conscience was the difficulty. I should have had to say so much that was untrue!"

BY SAMANOS

Técla Pearls

BUILT up layer after layer, as in the case of natural gems, from a secret substance of wonderful sheen, Técla pearls reproduce in all their beauty the rare and unique qualities of Oriental specimens.

Técla necklaces are assembled by experts, and are finished with the daintiest platinum clasps set with real diamonds.

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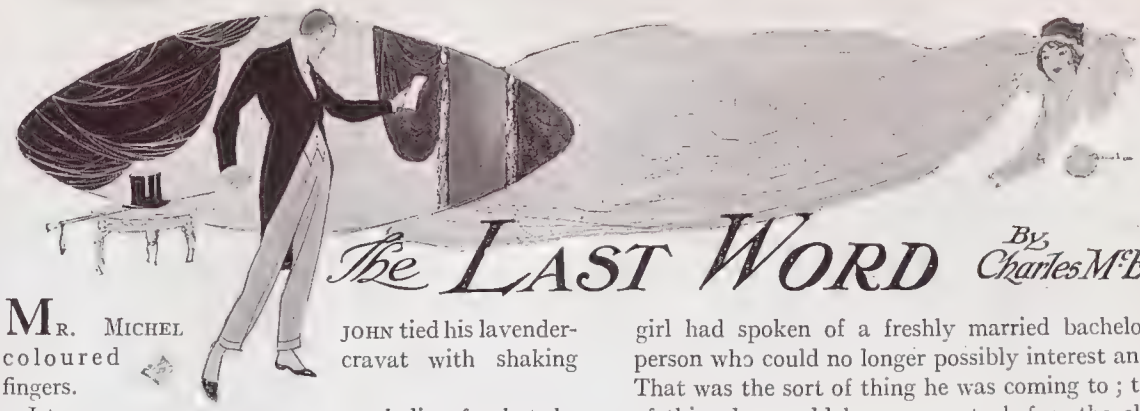

The LAST WORD

By Charles McEvoy

MR. MICHEL JOHN tied his lavender-coloured cravat with shaking fingers.

It was symbolic of what he was about to do, and, also, it was almost the final act in the ceremony of dressing himself as he had never dressed before. He stood now before the mirror in pink shirt-sleeves against which the waistcoat showed dead black. Trousers which matched the tie stiffly encompassed him, and gracefully overlapped his patent-leather shoes. Above all, his face showed red and fresh and flushed; a typical, handsome face with little in it except its handsomeness and its health and its fitness. It was a face which suggested that if this man ever sat down and thought he would be alarmed by whatever he thought about.

And now he was thinking.

He was thinking, abruptly and fearfully, that perhaps, after all, he was a fool to get married.

Up till this moment it had seemed an altogether desirable and delightful step to be taking. But because he was not an imaginative man he had not till this moment realised that he really was going to get married. Now it was five minutes past two, and at twenty minutes past two, the motor brougham, with its chauffeurs with white buttonholes, would inexorably appear.

"Why should people get married?" he was asking himself. "Life had been very pleasant for him always, and now here he was about to take a step which would entirely alter life. True, the company of Charlotte always had been very delightful, and now he was about to have more of it. More and more and more. Company without any sort or kind of limitation; which had its intoxicating aspects; but presently?"

Arnold Micheljohn was a person who did things thoroughly, once he undertook them. For instance, he had piloted a team of recalcitrant polo-players as far as to Beckingham, and now that he had commenced to think, he was prepared to think thoroughly.

All that the honeymoon could offer would be superb, there was no doubt about that, but afterwards? Was it worth while? Would it be really desirable always to live with Charlotte, to have Charlotte in the eye and on the brain from morning till night, year in and year out, for ever?

Yes, for ever there would be Charlotte about him, and the great charm of the engagement period had been waiting to see Charlotte, the looking forward to meeting Charlotte, and the very obligation to quit Charlotte after being in her company. Now there would be no looking forward to meeting her, no obligation to quit her.

And, after all, there were other women in the world beside Charlotte, and he would be a married man, and that would be the end of him, as regards other women. He remembered now how a very charming girl had spoken of a freshly married bachelor as a person who could no longer possibly interest anybody. That was the sort of thing he was coming to; the sort of thing he would have come to before the clock on the mantelpiece had chimed three.

He tried to cheer up, and pulled out the ring. Surely it was a moment of splendid chivalry, worth the loss of a lifetime of other kinds of adventure, to put a ring on a woman's finger, and take her under one's everlasting protection! Surely it was worth all the price, whatever the price was, to hear a woman thus whispering her voluntary surrender of herself into one's care, even whispering her vow of obedience.

He cheered up slightly, and got into his coat, and commenced to adjust the spray of lillies of the valley in the buttonhole thereof.

"Why think of the remote future when the immediate future held so much? Time for that sort of thing later on," he argued, and put a bold front on himself and looked into the looking-glass.

His face staggered him; it looked so innocent and yet so meekly pained. It was a face that ought to have shone for many a year yet in drawing-room and garden; a face free to beam on all womankind without this fatal bar of belonging to a married man. He felt that he was being unfair to himself.

"I've half a mind to give it up," he muttered. "Of course, I can't really, but I ought to have thought what I was doing. I ought at least to have waited. I ought not to have rushed into the thing like this."

Perspiration had broken out on his forehead, but he pulled his gloves on, and worked the nap of his silk hat feverishly on his coat sleeve.

"The blessed papers," he muttered, and found them, legal-looking documents stating as a cold fact that the banns had been duly published in his own parish church at Chiffley. He folded them agitatedly and slipped them into a breast pocket. He brushed his hat again, and looked at the clock.

"Thank Heaven it would all be over in about half an hour." He was trembling now like the proverbial leaf, and he started with theatrical violence, as a tap came at the door of the room.

It was his housekeeper, who handed him a District Messenger's missive, and he tore it open.

The next instant he had dropped it as he might have dropped a bomb, and had staggered back. He had dropped the letter, but the words still stared him in the face:

"DEAR ARNOLD,—Forgive me if you can, but I'm backing out. It'll be a fearful bombshell for lots of people, but nothing is worse than making a mistake for life. By the time you get this I shall have left London. Forget me.—CHARLOTTE."

He stared down at the piece of paper lying on the carpet. Then, suddenly, he was rushing to the door.

"I must find her!" he was groaning to himself. "Great Heavens, I must find her!" C. McEvoy.

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"NOT —

—— LIKELY!"

BY P. B. HICKLING

"Confessional"

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN

Illustrated by Chas. R. Sykes

SHE leant a little forward drawing her long slim fingers slowly up and down the blue brocaded arms of her chair.

"I never understand the giving up part about love. The renunciation, the going back to one's place in the world alone, just when one realises there is somebody else who doesn't want you to be alone. That sort of thing is all very well for novels and plays. Makes effective chapters and strong curtains. But not for real live life—not for that."

Her voice that had winged itself round the cool green room faltered a moment, then sank into silence. The man opposite moved a little and she heard the rasping sound of wicker work under his brown fingers.

"And your idea of love is—what?" She didn't meet the look he sent her, but turned her eyes mechanically towards the window. Through the long falling line of curtains many trees glowed in a slim green panel outside. It reminded her of something very delicate—something very Japanese. A bird winged its way across that length of emerald—a mere flying bit of lacquer. Her mind followed it. Where was it going, what would it do? Immediately after, the thought struck her as extraordinary. Mentally she could follow a bird's flight when physically, almost fiercely, the man opposite was demanding her definition of love. She looked at him and smiled.

"My idea of love. Have I ever had any? I can tell you all about dreams. Times when I twined a rainbow into my hair and walked deliciously on the refined edge of a young May moon. Somewhere there's a list of the men who held my hands and babbled beautifully about marriage settlements—white doves and pink confetti. Beyond all that——"

She paused, touching her hair with a quick intelligent movement. For a moment she left the pause and silence unclaimed. The man said nothing.

"My heart," she went on, "isn't a heart at all, just a handsome piece of crimson furniture put together with thousands of ruby nails. When a woman is being furnished for life it's the last present God gives her. My maid has been decorated entirely in the same way. And do you know what this crimson and ruby bureau of mine contains?"

He didn't lean forward as she had expected—only further back among the green cushions and said,

"No."

"Then I'll tell you. Nothing but a lot of little drawers. Man after man has come and tugged at their ruby handles. In one I keep my beauty. A man found that, never noticed the other drawers, and went away calling it my only possession. In another are my dreams that sleep on a violet, and only come out at dusk. A man found those—nothing more—so he banged that little crimson drawer, married someone else and always remembered me as fanciful and unpracticable."

"And in another little drawer lies your heart."

Once more she turned her eyes towards the slim green panel of trees as though expecting it to answer for her.

"And in another little drawer lies my heart." She repeated the words on one long low note that circled the room like the note of a violin. He stood up and came behind her chair. For a moment she held her breath knowing the sinking of his hands on to her shoulders would follow. They sank.

"You're too perfect for me," he said huskily.

"I don't know a single fellow in the world fine enough—straight enough—clean enough to marry you."

The pulse over her left eye fluttered furiously. With a quick grace that was almost serpentine, she slipped from under his hands and wandered towards the window. No speed marked each step, no definite plan or destination. Should she make for the half open harbour of the door or come to anchor where a little table glittered like a silver island? Or should she go on, and meet that cool persistent green distant, opaque between the curtains. Half way to it she turned.

"So that's why you can't—won't marry me?" She was in shadow when he answered, but he saw that shadow break and quiver as under a blow.

"I can't—I'm not good enough." Vaguely he wondered what she would do or say. Any detail, however slight, that followed his words would be of vast importance—huge magnitude. She moved with soft trailing skirts and switched on the lights deftly, quickly with the action of a woman who has much to do, much to arrange. He sat down. Outside the green, the delicate Japanese green was fading. The twilight came hurriedly like a grey woman to collect her emeralds. Inside a pale amber light mocked a departed sun that had marched to war, bannered with blue, purple and gold. For a moment he looked at her curiously. She was back in the old chair again softly smoothing its brocaded arms. A smile of superficial sweetness clung like a shade—a film—a suggestion to her mouth.

"I suppose that ought to make a woman terribly proud. Would you mind writing it all down and having it framed? So nice to hang over my desk and refer to in times of social doubt. What a shock, making love to a sugar angel and finding a real one underneath."

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"And that's all you have to say?" She waited playing with her rings.

"I'm wondering if I can afford something."

"What?" he asked.

"The luxury of a perfectly plain talk." Unconsciously he was becoming slightly bored. His shrugged shoulders betrayed him. The superficial sweetness around her mouth deepened, became set, almost masklike. Away she had flung the lazy charm he thought so attractive. She had no use for it now. Dead sea fruit ripened, plucked and used to its full.

"And so I was too good for you. Not a live woman, only a white-souled doll to keep in a china cabinet and dust with a sable tail. Don't you know women love men as much for their vices as the virtues. And —and I'd so hoped to marry you and see you drunk —just—just for once."

The wicker chair creaked violently as he turned.

"Do you know what you're saying."

"Perfectly, I hoped to marry and see you drunk." He touched his forehead and found it damp and hot. The fact gave him a curious sense of anger. He laughed uneasily.

"I'm not trying to be funny," she went on, "it's all absolutely true. I'd have come to you in the morning all cool drinks, eau de Cologne and sympathy. Bathed your head and held your hand. Asked if you'd been out with the boys—all that and more, simply because you were mine."

Her voice changed from a brook-like tenderness and took on full river strength.

"You said you couldn't marry me. I was too good, too white. A modern Madonna with a lily in one hand, and a Book of Hours in the other. I told you about the crimson bureau and all its little drawers. You came — actually dragged open the right one. The Drawer of my Heart. Oh! how I thrilled. Sang though I never opened my mouth, laughed my way from one function to another without anyone hearing a sound above my society chatter. You had opened the drawer of my heart. To-day I gave it to you the moment you came in. You took it, smiled, held it up to the light, and finally announced it was too perfect for every-day use—told me to offer it to some collector who went in for such things."

The green panel between the curtains was gone — steeped — shrouded, hidden away in shadow.

"Placing a woman on a pinnacle is—"

"Hell," she said, "absolute hell. There're so many of us crying to each other through the cold. Crying for children, for love, for—for—"

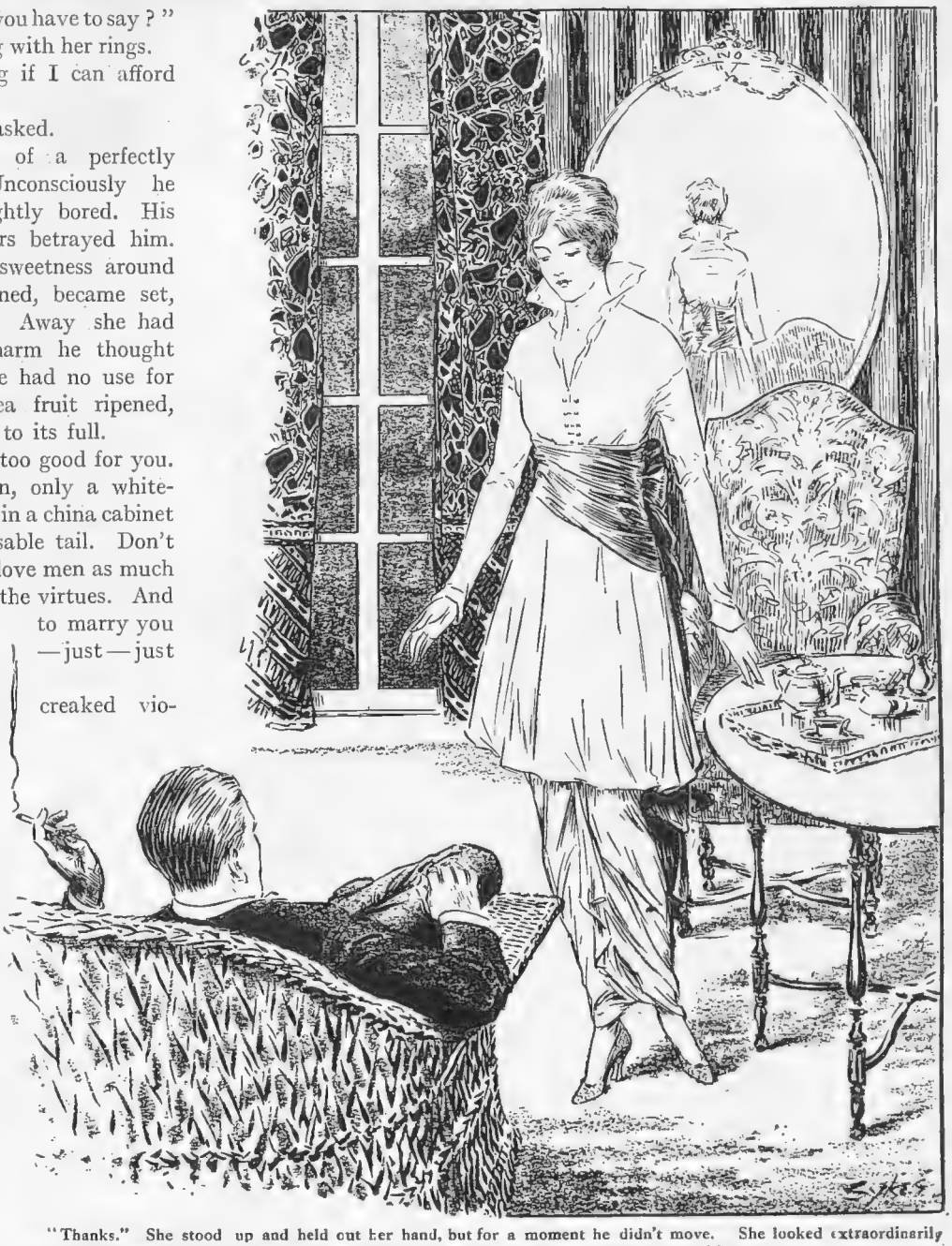
She waved her heavily ringed hands in the air, then let them fall.

"We look down on the other woman. Down out of our rarified chillness and chastity. Do you know what we see?"

"I don't know," and the words went with difficulty out into the still room.

"Nursery fires," she said, and then after a long pause, "Fires we can't approach, children we mustn't kiss, men who—"

Her words had moved him to a certain degree, but when her voice died away something stubborn



"Thanks." She stood up and held out her hand, but for a moment he didn't move. She looked extraordinarily fair, extraordinarily alive; something was living, burning, making plans behind her smiling eyes.

"You evidently want me to go."

"I think you'd better." Her smile flickered for a moment, a bitter sweet flame in a wind.

rose up demanding continued allegiance.

" You know what men are ? "

She nodded.

" Almost everyone has something or someone at the back of his old life he must eventually own up to. A good—a really good woman never has. Marrying you would be such a one-sided bargain. Like asking an angel to a night club. When we're together I always feel as though fate had placed a well thumbed French novel and the Geneva Bible on the same table."

" Because I'm what you call a thoroughly good woman. A woman with nothing to confess."

" Exactly."

" And I always thought men wanted to marry women who were really good."

"Of course they do, but there's something about you so ethereal. A clear white—a—"

" You'd call yourself an ordinary man," her interruption was sharp, almost hurried. " The average type who marries the average type of woman ? "

" I suppose so."

" Thanks." She stood up and held out her hand, but for a moment he didn't move. She looked extraordinarily fair, extraordinarily alive, something was living, burning, making plans behind her smiling eyes.

" You evidently want me to go."

" I think you'd better." Her smile flickered for a moment, a bitter sweet flame in a wind.

He took her hand, pressed it, walked to the door and turned.

" I wonder what you will do with your life."

" Cultivate something to confess," she said smilingly as she watched him go.

. . . .

For a moment she stood absolutely still, then crossed to the tea table. She looked down at his cup. In its saucer was the end of a cigarette with a tiny tracery of golden letters. To her it seemed the parable of her life, and she forced herself to accept it as such. Burnt out ! A spent phantom thing twisted and ruined among its gold. She poured tea into a cup and drank. It was cold and bitter, but terribly stringent and alive. As she drank something woke cold and bitter within herself. A woman without a background, a woman who had nothing to confess. The pale yellow light burnished itself against her pale yellow hair. Half turning she caught its glint in a mirror. How curiously alive she felt. The woman in the mirror was alive too and smiled back at her. Still she stood beside the tea table doing nothing with every nerve and fibre of her body. Then she picked up his cup and saucer and dropped them, with a shrill tinkling sound into the empty grate. The woman in the mirror still smiled.

. . . .

" Do you know," she said, as he deftly wrapped the rugs round her feet. " Do you know that I never even *suspected* you of being a clergyman. I can imagine you chopping your way through the Black Forest but never measuring red flannel at a mothers' meeting."

He dragged his deck chair a little closer to hers and smiled. Above them the chill splendour of a winter sun. Almost on their level a sea that sighed its shining way from one blue hollow into another. Grey circles of clamouring gulls hung in dim air as though on wires.

" And you, I never thought of as anything else but absolutely charming."

" Of course I am, but it's awfully nice to get a clerical guarantee of the fact."

They looked at each other and laughed. Purposely she had chosen a slow going ship. Purposely because she wanted the time—every minute of it. Decision came with the hurling of a fragile cup and half smoked cigarette into an empty grate. With every turn of the screw, with every grey whirl of the tireless gulls she was beating down " the good woman " within her, bringing into the warm light a woman who deliberately wished to attract and hold the admiration of men. Love she did not expect. That little ruby-knobbed drawer would never be forced open again. But there were others. Crammed with glittering epigrams and sidelong looks. Kisses lightly given and taken, hands that touched by intentional accident. All the lures, snares and charms of a beautiful woman. These she would empty on the world. And she was emptying them now with generous open hands. She gave a quick glance at the man beside her. She felt he was a rock and against that rock she was beating a steady sea of beauty and fascination. No marriage thoughts paraded their pale satin and orange blossom down her brain. The man was only part of a prescribed system. But she wanted a big moment with him, something to thrill and startle the woman who slowly reared her head from the grave of the past.

" I often wonder," and his voice sounded to her very far away, " how you keep your marvellous vitality. It's a regular stimulant for an ordinary mortal even to hear you say nothing. Are you never depressed, never down and out ? "

One of her hands fumbled slightly beneath the fur rug.

" No."

" Do—do you take anything ? "

" I have been known to giggle over champagne and become languid with a long liqueur."

Again her fumbling hand and again his wide dark eyes blatant in their demand to know.

" What's in your hand ? "

" My bag."

" No—the other one."

She said nothing, and then—

" It's something you don't want me to see."

" How do you know ? "

" I'm certain of it."

For a moment she looked almost frightened, then very slowly,very sweetly drew out her hand and opened it. In its gloved hollow lay a small hypodermic syringe. The thing flashed in the sun, small but vindictive.

"And you actually use this—this kind of thing ? "

She stared at him for a moment then nodded.

" Not often—only sometimes—it keeps me bright." A man and woman passed their chairs talking loudly ; somewhere a bugle sounded or was it a bell ? Never had she felt like this. Something was holding her in the hollow of its hand. Emotion gripped her. What would he say or do ?

" And all this time you never thought of telling me."

" One hates to own up—to confess that—anything like that."

He made a quick wide movement with his arm. Something flew up in the bright air and seemed to poise itself for one shining second. She watched it—fascinated, then it disappeared. He was standing beside her now.

" I'm sorry," he said at last, " terribly sorry."

(Continued on page 86)

ROUNDING THE CAPE

BY [illegible]

(Continued from page 84)

"Why?" and to him her voice seemed to have lost all its colour and beauty. "I'm nothing to you, and we'll never meet again. You'll slip over one edge of the world, while I go over the other."

"I was going to ask you to be my wife."

"And now of course—"

"That's impossible."

She smiled a little, then lay back with closed eyes. It was all very good—very satisfying. His very strength of action warmed her. Masculine mastery had never been applied to her before when she was "a good woman." Men only sent her pretty flowers and emptied her pretty tea-cups. But now—. Still she kept her eyes closed. Then somebody said "Good-bye."

"I'm sorry," she murmured, and her murmuring was that of a woman half asleep, "sorry you found me out so soon."

"And that's all?"

"Yes. But you needn't have thrown it away. I've got another."

If he'd only looked back he'd have seen her smiling. Easily and happily with the flower petal innocence of a child. But some men never look back.

. . . .

In the dark, the hammock swayed gently to and fro. She watched its curved shadowy line and the red point of his cigar.

"Do you ever intend to leave me alone?" Her voice sounded curiously modern in the humid summer night. Perhaps she was defying some reclining Pharaoh or even the Sphinx itself. The hammock swung closer to her and a man's figure loomed out of it — suddenly — darkly.

"No—never."

She heard his feet pass her and suddenly realised he was beside her—had taken her hand. She felt like a doll—a doll sitting on a verandah. A tapestry of stars offered her one silver point after another.

"When a man finds a perfect woman he never leaves her alone."

The heavy jet edging her black gown moved on the straw matting, as though it were a snake.

"And you think I'm perfect?"

"I don't think—I know." Her hollow laugh went out into the night.

"I'm married."

"A lie."

"I'm only an adventuress."

"A lie."

Then she laughed again, got up and switched on the light. Overhead some curious lanterns glowed like a yellow flower.

"You won't leave me?"

"Never."

He stood up. His dark face and pointed beard instantly reminded her of an old master trying to be terribly modern.

"Yes, you will."

Her pale hand went to the black drapery of her gown at her breast. He watched her fascinated.

"You'll leave me because—because of this." She opened her hand. In it lay a slender hypodermic syringe. He made a sudden start forward, then instantly drew back.

"You—you—use it."

"Did you think I carried it about for ornament? Now you'll go away. Men never allow women a confession. Just come splashed with the mud of the world, and expect to be received by something spotless—faultless with the faintest suggestion of angel wings about her."

"You quite understand I couldn't marry a woman who—"

"Drugged—let me say the word for you. Of course you couldn't. That's the kind of thing that makes a man go to his office through back streets. You left your hat in the hall."

Vaguely she wondered whether he would say good-bye—wondered as she listened to his receding steps. At a long lighted window a curtain fluttered, and in a moment released the dark outline of a man. More footsteps. This time on her garden path, crunching the gravel, hurrying past trim scented lines of invisible flowers. Then the gate clicked and shut with a horrible grating sound. Under the yellow light she stood perfectly still, slender and smiling in her black gown.

. . . .

"Sorry dearest to be late, but—" She took three hurried paces forward. The man at her little white and gold desk looked so masterly—so out of place. He should write letters on a pyramid or propped against the Alps. But her white and gold desk—babyhood in the way of furniture.

"I'm sorry to be late," she repeated, but her voice had changed. The man looked up.

"I sat down here to send a note," he held up an envelope, "and in looking for a stamp I found this."

Again his hand in mid air. This time it held a small hypodermic syringe. She gave a happy laugh and came forward, colour in her face and the gaiety of youth in her step.

"And so I'll have to tell you about it after all." Her hand touched his hair. Almost roughly he shook it off.

"By God, can you smile—flirt—touch me when—?" A greyness stole across her face—a greyness coloured in fear.

"You actually think that I—?"

"It was in your desk."

Suddenly he turned with fierce hands and dragged out one little white drawer after another.

"Oh, God, one—two—three—"

The small shining instruments rolled from his hands to the carpet.

"Do you know why I keep those things?"

"There's only one answer to that."

"Yes, there is—to protect myself from men. A woman—a rich and beautiful woman—is every man's target. They came whimpering of love to kiss the hem of my gown, but the right one never, until I met you. So I frightened them all away with these." Her foot spurned the little instruments on the carpet.

"They left me in peace believing it was true. Can't you see—don't you understand?" Slowly, heavily he raised his head from his hands.

"I don't believe it," he said. The greyness persisted in her face.

"You think I really used it—them?" A nod from the man at the white and gold desk. She drew a quick breath and felt love die with the effort. He stood up, walking unsteadily towards the door, a man half drugged, half asleep. She turned her back and waited. After what seemed a thousand years came the closing of a door.

Some women's lives are full of closing doors that will never be opened again.

. . . .

Her face was still grey as she stooped down and picked up a hypodermic syringe from the carpet.

"I wonder," she said dreamily, "I wonder how they are really used."

ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

A Midsummer Night's Dream

BY J GRAN MIRO

"COME RIGHT ALONG NOW!"

BY E. H. ZIRKEL

The American Summer Girl

SOME REMARKS ON HER MANNERS AND METHODS

BY "EFEMERA"

An American Product

The summer girl is as distinctively an American product as cocktails or corn on the cob. She is volatile in essence, ephemeral by nature. Her favourite haunts are the more popular seaside and mountain resorts, preferably those within easy reach of a large town. The period of her existence covers July, August, and the early part of September, after which she vanishes until the following year. Her origin is obscure—designedly so—and there is no transition stage between the bursting of her mysterious chrysalis and her butterfly invasion of the summer hotel. You may see her in her thousands at the beginning of the season, rocking on verandahs to the monotonous rhythm of chewing-gum and hungrily spying the arrival of her appointed prey.

Her Toilette

The summer girl is pretty, often beautiful, but, even if nature has denied her regular features and a good skin, she manages to make herself attractive. She is past mistress in the art of making the best of herself. By directing attention to her good points and minimising defects she not infrequently outshines the possessor of far greater natural beauty. By a careful study of her possibilities she determines upon the effect to be produced and neglects no detail. Dress is her chief preoccupation, and she invariably dresses well. She would rather die than appear in public in a badly cut frock, a dowdy hat or unsuitable shoes. Exquisite neatness is the keynote of her appearance. You will never see her in a soiled blouse, crumpled neckwear, down-at-heel shoes, or a slovenly belt. Silk stockings she must have, to match her girdle. Her hands, in spite of sunburn, are perfectly kept, and her hair becomingly dressed. How she manages it, no man knoweth. To see her on the beach of a morning in a silk bathing-dress with lace collar and long silk

THE SUMMER GIRL AT HER BEST

stockings, one seductive nosegay of rubber flowers tucked into her bodice and another in her coquettish cap, or adorning the board walk of an afternoon, gay in light summer silk or muslin you would never imagine that such elegance could emerge from the third floor back of a second-rate boarding-house. No lodging is too humble or too mean and stuffy that affords her the chance of a brief flutter, with, perhaps, marriage at the end.

Flirtation

Marriage, though, is more of a side issue than a definite aim. Flirtation is meat and drink to the summer girl. The more admirers she can attract, the greater her success. She is a careful young lady, and measures her favours with a nice sense of *quid pro quo*. The man who shows himself niggardly in "candy," theatre-tickets, boat-hire and admission to dance-halls and amusement piers is not for her. Solid value as represented by a diamond ring is welcome tribute. The collecting of engagement rings is a hobby fruitful both in pleasure and profit, and the summer girl's favourite amusements are those most likely to encourage love's young dream. Dancing comes first and foremost—all summer girls dance well—canoeing is a good second; bathing, chiefly as an excuse for the display of an elaborate and becoming costume and prolonged *tête-à-têtes* on the hot sands, sailing, strolls by moonlight. . . . The more athletic sports are shunned: they disarrange the hair and impart an exaggerated glow to the complexion.

A Foursome

Sometimes the summer girl pursues her quest alone; more frequently she hunts in couples. A confidential friend is both useful and agreeable, moreover, the holiday-making young man enjoys the support of a male companion, at least at the outset of his adventure. Later on a foursome easily splits into two couples.

A Surprise

Where both parties to a hot-weather flirtation indulge in a game of unlimited bluff surprises are in the order of the day. Appearance is no guide to antecedents. A young Englishman of good family who had been taken by American friends to a popular amusement pier became separated from his party, and in the course of his search perceived a charming and refined-looking girl standing apart. After some hesitation he approached her. "I hope you will pardon my unconventionality," said he with engaging diffidence, "but would you be kind to a stranger and give me this dance?" The large blue eyes smiled on him, the sweet mouth opened, and she answered: "Honest to God I'd like to, but it's took."

From the Sublime to——

The shoe may quite as well be on the other foot, however. Picture the dismay of the summer girl posing as an heiress who on her return to town discovered her princely *fiancé*, *the* conquest of her season, boasted of to all her girl-friends, shorn of his glory, a floor-walker in the department store whose hosiery counter she herself adorned! EFEMERA

DECLARATION DAY

Mr. Wilbur B. Jenks returns from Europe with a few souvenirs

BY EDWIN A. MORROW

Wanted—A Mutual Friend

BY WILMOT LUNT

The Chinwaggers; Or, Not So Much of It!

(With apologies to any Editor who really requires them)

BY "VIM"

"I WONDER you don't get married," said Lobelia, thoughtfully, for the fiftieth time in her existence.

"Perhaps the fact that I've got a wife and ten children already has something to do with it," I suggested with the air of a man who has been subject to brain-waves from infancy.

"I hate people who make excuses," retorted Lobelia, combining as much distinctness and asperity as she could with a whole pot of *pâté de foie gras* which she had just put into her mouth.

"Personally I don't much care about people who talk with their mouths full," I ventured to remark.

Lobelia smiled adorably through the *foie gras*. Lobelia has an angelic smile—not one of those ear to ear things affected by Cheshire cats, but a smile of reasonable dimensions and perfect poise. She remained silent for quite a long time—ten seconds by my watch. Then she said:

"What were we talking about?"

"Do you mean just now or six weeks ago?"

"Oh, either; it doesn't make any difference."

"Of course not, nothing makes any difference except things that don't matter a bit."

"I suppose you think that's clever," said Lobelia after a short period of reflection.

"I *don't* think," I retorted; "you ought to know me better by this time. I only talk."

"You *do* talk," admitted Lobelia pensively.

"So do you," said I somewhat nettled.

"I suppose I do," said Lobella; "but there's nothing else to be done in this kind of article, is there? So let's go on talking—I beg your pardon?"

"I didn't say anything."

"How extraordinary! You can't be well."

"I'm as well as can be expected considering."

"Considering what?"

"Considering I've got to keep up this conversation for at least another column."

Lobelia knitted her delicate eyebrows—she looks bewitching when she scowls—and scratched the nose of her pet boa-constrictor, which was lying on the hearthrug. Then she said:

"Don't bother, we shall get through somehow; we always have, you know."

"That's what worries me," I said despondently. "It can't last. You can't go on ladling out hot air to the Public for ever."

"Yes you can—to the *British Public*. Come on! We were discussing marriage, weren't we?"

"I wasn't—you were."

"That's better," said Lobelia, with one of those rare lapses into sanity which have made her the popular character she is. "I consider that everybody should get married as often as they possibly can."

"Do I know many of your husbands?" I inquired with an air of preposterous innocence that would not have deceived a Cabinet Minister.

"Don't be coarse. It suits you, but I don't like it. I wasn't talking about husbands, but about marriage in the abstract."

"Ah! All the marriages I know are concrete in more senses than one."

"Is that a real joke?" asked Lobelia anxiously, "because if it is I don't think you'd better put it in. It might ruin the reputation of the paper."

"*Après?*" I murmured gently, lighting a cigarette with ostentatious nonchalance.

"Well, we don't want to do *that*, do we?"

I closed an eye in (I trust) a contemplative manner. Lobelia frowned darkly, and smiled sweetly in the same breath—a characteristic, but bewildering action which takes a lot of practice.

"We can always say we didn't want to do it," I remarked.

"That's vulgar," said Lobelia, severely. "How many times have I told you I dislike vulgarity?"

"The multiplication table and I shook hands and parted many years ago," I replied hastily, "besides I don't think you need worry. Nobody would ever dream of looking for a joke in an article like this, and if anyone *did* spot it we could always plead misapprehension. Everybody's doing it."

"Yes, but supposing the Editor——"

"The mere fact that he publishes the things proves conclusively that he never reads them."

"I suppose it does," said Lobelia with a little sigh of relief, "the dear old thing!"

"All editors are dear things, but some are more expensive than others."

"What do you mean by that?" demanded Lobelia.

"Nothing at all," said I; "it's the sort of observation people expect periodically in a dialogue like this, and we must respect ancient traditions."

Lobelia's reply was to put her feet on the mantelpiece and undo another button of her slit skirt. A whole dictionary of words could not have conveyed her meaning more plainly.

"I know what you are thinking," I said, nodding my head. Lobelia giggled inscrutably.

"You are thinking that if Lloyd George were an Irishman, Sir Edward Carson a Welshman, and Winston Churchill a Scotchman, the outlook would be very different from what it is."

"My dear boy," responded Lobelia, stifling a slight yawn, "this dialogue business has affected your brain. I was merely wondering whether I should dine at the Savoy or the Carlton."

"Fetch a taxi," I observed—to the telephone.

Quaintnesses Overheard

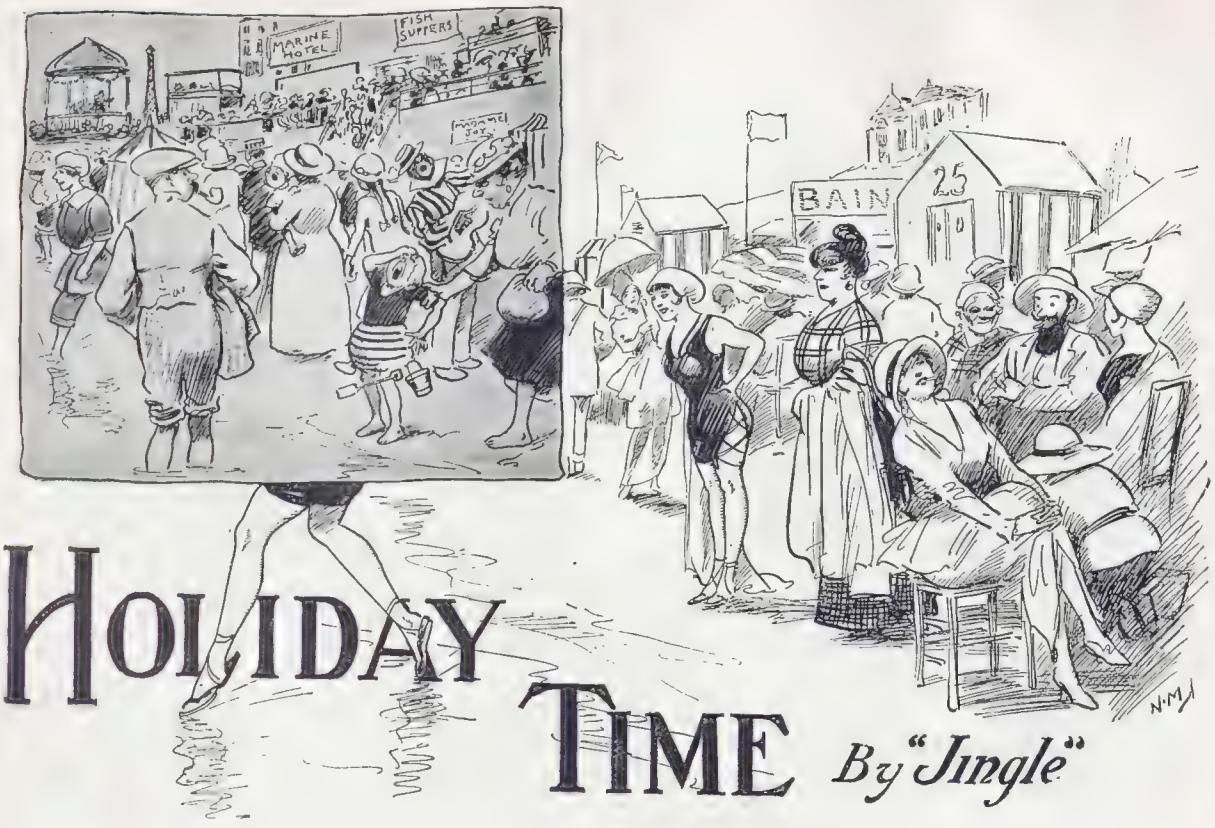
HIS CHOICE

"Ah, yis, loidy, toimes is hard. Oi walked frum wan ind o' the blissid counthry te t'otheir before Oi found this job!"
"Poor man; but then you shouldn't be breaking the Sabbath."
"Faith, lady, 'twas wan av us thit 'ad te be broke!"

THE ONE GOOD TRAIT

"There's only one good thing I'll say about my first three husbands."
"What's that, auntie?"
"They always paid up their alimony!"

BY SNOW GIBBS



HOLIDAY TIME

By "Jingle"

DO THE ENGLISH PEOPLE ENJOY THEMSELVES ANYWHERE?

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

EVERYBODY knows that home is a sweet place: we have had the good news confirmed in song and story. And directly a man has a few days of leisure the one hope of his heart is that he may be able to get away from—home.

I believe I am committing no breach of confidence when I say that it is not everyone that possesses a country house as well as a town house; and even in these progressive days a large number of people are still without yachts or motor-cars. The consequence is that the only way in which the majority of us can give play to the universal craving for leaving home is by a temporary residence at the seaside.

From observations made on the spot I have come to the conclusion that most people who visit English seaside resorts do not really enjoy themselves. They may say they do; but, then, we all know what the Psalmist said in his haste. The average English seaside place is so appallingly dull that visitors are obliged to resort to the wildest kind of devices to make their surroundings at all tolerable. There is the institution known as the "jolly sail," for instance. The majority of seaside visitors do not like sailing on the sea because the practice has, for novices at least, such a revolutionary effect on the digestive system.

I have seen crowds of people stepping jauntily on board a sailing-boat, and I have seen them an hour later crawling back to the shore limp and hollow-eyed. I used to wonder why they paid away good money in order to have themselves reduced to a condition of hopeless misery, but I think I have solved the mystery now. They have learned by experience the philosophic rule that even misery may be made tolerable if you have known a greater misery still. The simple fact that he is once more on dry land which does not rock itself about underneath him is like a glimpse of Paradise to the inexperienced sailor, and the most desolate seaside resort becomes by contrast a delightful place to him. He is like the schoolboy who said he rather liked having the toothache because it is so nice when it leaves off.

I think one has only to sample a few of the usual seaside "entertainments" in order to realise the acute state of depression into which people must have sunk before they can regard such functions as actually amusing. I sometimes think that the reason why the seaside nigger blacks his face is that he hopes in this way to avoid subsequent recognition by his patrons in their saner moments. They might want to hit him back.

They order the seaside mania better in France. To begin with, the ladies who come down to the water to bathe are not attired in baggy garments that give the wearer the appearance of being built on the bias every time the breeze catches her amidships, so to speak. At the right kind of French bathing-resort there is nothing in the average bathing-dress for the wind to catch hold of, as the fair bather usually requires every inch of it for her own use. The French are renowned for their economy.

Once at a more than fashionable seaside place in France I remember hearing a stern English lady speak very severely indeed of the bathing-dresses that were to be seen like living pictures all along the shore. By way of setting an example in proper modesty, this lady attired herself in a prim cotton gown that covered her from her shoulders to her heels. In her zeal for

the cause, however, she had overlooked the essentially clinging nature of this material when once it has got thoroughly wet. She realised her error when it was too late; and as she scrambled out of the water with a cry of alarm I think every spyglass within a mile must have been focussed on her. For a few brief moments realism had surpassed itself.

In France there are the Casinos, where even those who have had no previous experience of gambling can lose quite a lot of money if they take the sport up with sufficient enthusiasm. However much the world may have progressed, the love of gain is still the ruling passion. I have known very rich men who have come away from the tables with twenty francs to the good and who have chuckled for quite a while over their happy fortune. Myself, I have a system for the *petits chevaux* which seems quite certain. My fortune with it has never once varied. I have lost every time. JINGLE

THE NEOPHYTE AT A CONTINENTAL CASINO

WILLIE FROM THE STATES: "Say! 'scuse me, do you speak English?" THE OTHER: "Yes."
WILLIE FROM THE STATES: "Have I won?"

BY NORMAN MORROW

'Teach without noise of words—without confusion of opinions—without the arrogance of honor—without the assault of argument.'

MEDICAL PHILOSOPHY—WISDOM FOR THE SUMMER

Your Health is the Principal Item in your Capital

AND

IN HOT WEATHER

It is necessary to keep the Blood pure and the Liver active in order to keep well.

JULY.

"'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of Retreat to peep at such a World."
—COWPER, "Country Life."

INTERNAL as well as External Cleanliness.

"All disease is the same in all parts of the body. Its cause, morbid humour, which obstructs the circulation of the blood and the electricity or motive power of the brain. Its source, Indigestion and Constipation, or the Putrefaction arising therefrom"—W. RUSSELL.

"Recent researches have led to the establishment of the fact, to the satisfaction of the medical profession of the whole civilised world, that the chief cause of the infirmities of old age, as well as of a large proportion of the diseases of adult life, is the process known as 'Auto-Intoxication,' or self-poisoning.

"This poisoning of our own bodies is due to putrefaction taking place in the large intestine, which in turn is the result of decomposition of food material set up by germs or microbes which infest the bowel and which flourish most where bowel cleanliness least obtains.

"The dual problem, therefore, of maintaining health and postponing the evils of old age resolves itself into the question as to how intestinal putrefaction may be averted, or prevented, or, in other words, how the bowel may be kept clean."

Extract from Dr. CHARLES REINHARDT'S well-known book, "Diet and the Maximum Duration of Life."

"Into man's hands is placed the rudder of his frail barque, that he may not allow the waves to work their will."—GOETHE.

The human body has unfortunately a power of auto-intoxication, *i.e.*, of poisoning itself, unless certain deleterious products are quickly removed from the alimentary system. There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable remedy which will, by natural means, get rid of dangerous waste matter, without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality, than

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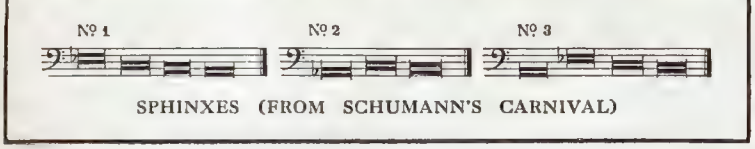
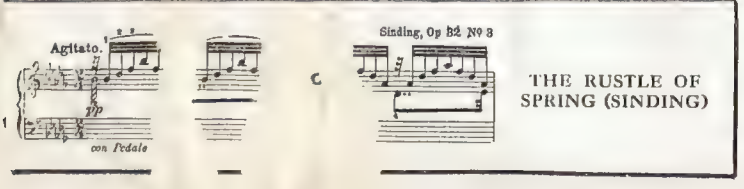
"HELP!"

THE
NOR STUDDY



SPHINXES (FROM SCHUMANN'S CARNIVAL)



THE RUSTLE OF SPRING (SINDING)

From KEYBO

AN ARTIST WHO SEES W

SCHUMA
OVERTU
"MANFR

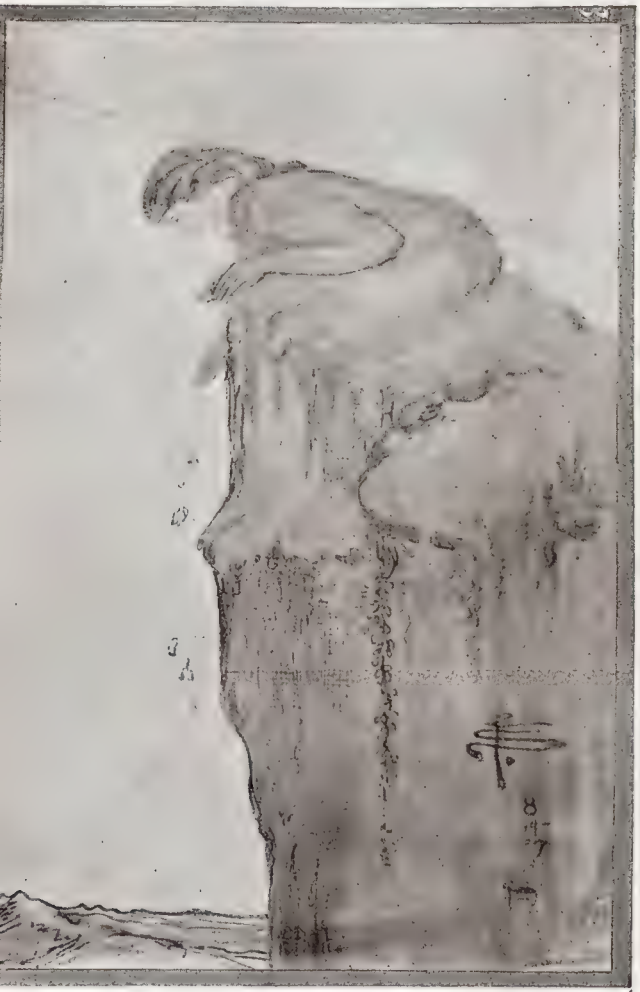
WE present on these pages some interesti examples of the "seeing" of music. It a well-known fact that music is capable conveying visible ideas to the mind as well as audi ones. Many composers appear, in fact, to be mo concerned that we should see than that we should he their music—as for instance Richard Strauss in *Don Quixote* and *Domestic Symphony*, and Debus in his *Après Midi d'un Faune*.

* * * * *

It is possible, however, to see "visions" in music whi is quite free from descriptive motive, and the abo are of this kind. The painter, Miss Caswall-Smi goes to a concert, armed with pencil and paper. the music proceeds certain definite pictorial ide are suggested to her, and these she notes. dow one after another, working them up to a finish picture on her return home. Miss Caswall-Smith,

to Canvas

HE HEARS AND PAINTS IT



THE SPRING SONG BY GRIEG

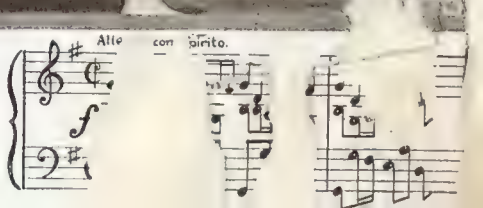
must clearly be understood, is not influenced by any title the music may happen to have. Very often she may not even know it—indeed, she prefers not to. But it is interesting to know that on several occasions she has expressed quite independently in her pictures precisely the ideas suggested by composers in their titles.

* * * * *

Anybody who hears much music, and, especially, anybody who writes it, will understand, to some extent, the kind of way in which Miss Caswall-Smith's mind works. How often have we not heard people say that Mozart's music suggests clear water, or that a Bach fugue is like the march of fate, and so on. But most musicians will agree that Miss Caswall-Smith's pictures are extraordinarily successful, especially if they remember that they claim to represent only one person's view of the music and are not intended to legislate for everybody.

A POLONAISE BY LISZT

BRANDENBURG CONCERTO NO. 3 (BACH)



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"EN BATEAU"
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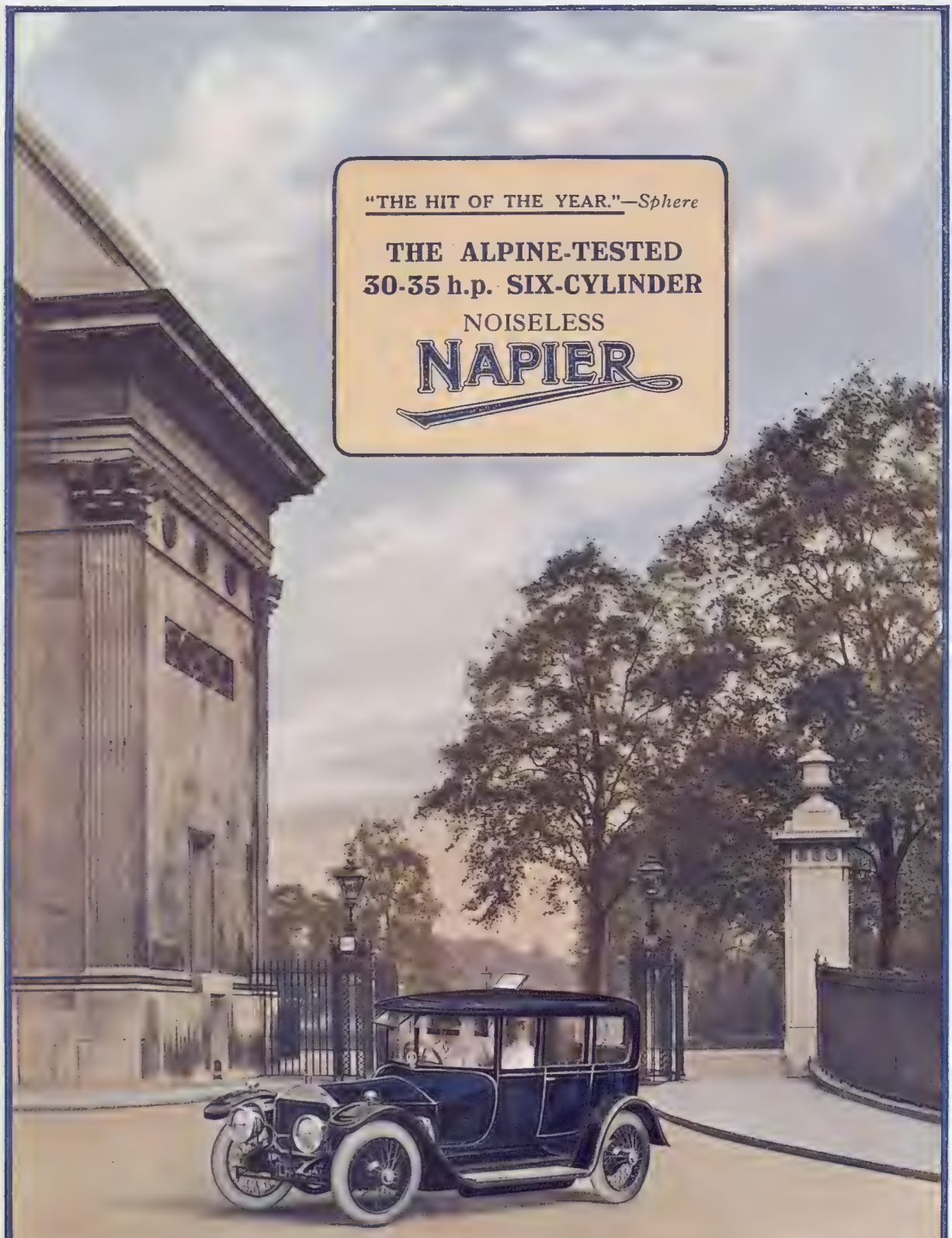

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THE PRICE OF UNITY

by VIOLA WOODS

IT was evening. The little warm insistent bay penetrated into the leafless land, and the cliffs had fallen into what was nothing more but an uneven bank above the great flat rocks on the shore.

The low door of "Les Mouettes," the last house in the village, opened slowly, and Myrte came out and stood in the narrow right-of-way at the top of the bank. He was a young man of anything from twenty-eight to thirty-two, probably the former—as a dash of Latin blood had matured him early. He was about six feet, lightly and lazily built, with one of those small brown heads that are vaguely reminiscent of the monkey world. In his wide, colourless mouth, his sunken eyes, his very evident skull, and blunt nose, two extremes met: he was at once barbaric and over-civilised. He had on an old pair of serge trousers, a brown twill blouse such as the fishermen wear in that country, and his bare feet were thrust into canvas shoes. His sleeves were rolled up as if he had been about some employment, and his thin wrists and narrow hands, sensitive as those of a musician, capable as those of a mechanic, were burnt nearly black by a hot summer.

Yet one knew instinctively that here was a man who had lived much in cities. It needed no effort of the imagination to call up the crude picture of him walking down Piccadilly in dress clothes or loafing over his "consommation" in a Paris restaurant.

He lit a cigarette, breathed heavily, and moved his shoulders as if he shuffled off some weight. If ever a man wanted to be alone, he wanted to be alone.

He looked out across a quiet sea towards the faint white line of England; he looked to his right, where the land swept into down, and where the pale sea-birds which had taken their colour from their surroundings chattered as they sought their nests in the chalk cliffs; and he looked to his left, where, a mile off, the next village glowed sleepily in the luxury of the setting sun.

Suddenly his face tightened, shut down, became mask-like; it was almost as if a hand had been swiftly laid across it.

Over the rocks he discovered another human whom he knew was making for his lair, a woman wearing a brown blouse like himself and a close red scarf over her dark head. She was tall, and she seemed strong, for now and again she leapt from rock to rock with the certainty of a mountain animal.

Myrte did not stir to meet her, but when she was there, healthy, breathing, her deep chest rising and falling under his gaze, he contemplated her with the same shut-down, passive look.

She was not as young as he was—thirty-six or thirty-seven, perhaps, and in type she was almost indecently Irish. She had one of those heads that never ought to be seen without a shawl over it; it had patience and a sort of resentful, rebellious servility; and she wore gold rings in her ears. The brow was honest and wide, the eyes most beautifully blue, heavily barred with black, a sullen humour sleeping in them. The lower part of the face was less perfect—the mouth slack, the jaw roughly moulded—but on the whole a very handsome woman indeed—not to be ignored by the individual or the crowd.

Myrte knocked his cigarette ash on to the ground.

"I've had a perfectly rotten day of it," he said, "a perfectly rotten day."

"It can't possibly have been worse than mine," she replied. "Charlie has got measles, and I've got to go home to Chatham to-morrow."

Myrte paid no attention whatever to her statement, but went on with his own troubles.

"I've been up the whole night with Cunégonde, and have had the vet. here half the day. There is absolutely nothing more to be done."

And mechanically they turned and went into the cottage together, as people who had often done the same thing before.

A precipitous wooden staircase pierced the low room, which was neat and clean as that of a solicitous housewife. Many sketches on the wall made patches of colour, and the remains of a frugal meal were on the table. There were books about—some French novels, a Ronsard open at the immortal "*Quand vous serez bien vieille, au soir, à la chandelle*"—the works of Pater, George Moore, a copy of "Peter Ibbitson," and "The Cloister and the Hearth." Though it was early in September, a fire burned in the grate, and beside it was a basket bulging with flannel, in which stirred something uneasy and alive.

Myrte knelt down, and with infinite tenderness unfolded the wrappings, and for a moment exposed the little quickly breathing creature, a yellow dachshund of the smallest breed.

"Will she live?" asked the woman.

"*Je ne sais.* I have revived so many dying fires in my life that perhaps she may. *Puisque j'ai retrouvé mon mouton, peut être je retrouverai — Cunégonde,*" he quoted with despe[illegible]e humour.

The little gold[illegible] serpent that had followed at h[illegible] heels like an Empress, only sniffing the unworthy ground with royal condescension [illegible]cause it had known her master's [illegible]otstep!

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

For a moment the woman knelt down beside the basket, with no real interest in the dog but a crying desire to be near the man, who was totally cold, unaware of her propinquity.

"I must be going," she said. "I cannot stay this evening. I've not yet packed."

Reluctantly Myrte moved from the basket to open the door for her.

"I expect it will be all over by the morning," he said, taking her hand in his unconscious one. "Good-i . . I hope you will find the boy better." And, shutting the door, he went back to Cunégonde.

All over by the morning. . . .

As she took the white ribbon of a path that threaded the cliff to the next village, she began to realise that something terrible, something devastating, was happening to her. It was an ultimate scorching despair she had never experienced since childhood. She remembered being taken to a pantomime when she was ten years old, and there had been a Prince in crimson plush breeches with lace at the knees. At lessons next morning, faced with a slate and the governess, she had felt something of this utter desolation, this utter blank, this utter finality to romance. Strange that in those days she had not known for her comfort that she was only ten years old, as she now knew for her distress that she was no longer so.

In her brain she went over the last six weeks.

Always Myrte had been there since the first time she had been casually introduced to him at the Hôtel de la Plage. She would sit on her heels on the shore and tell him about her grey girlhood in Dublin—the dreariness, the lack of event, the financial difficulties. She tried hard to make him know Dublin—the house where she had lived, with blisters all over the front door—the smell of the Liffey—her mother, who was always reading the Bible, and her father, who "was not all Irish, but was partly Scotch," which combination had, perhaps, something to do with his untimely and alcoholic end.

When she talked of Ireland her slumbering humour would leap out, and she would be far more amusing than women with three times her amount of intellect; and Myrte would laugh till his sides ached.

And the soldiers had come from England—and one of them had married her. He was twenty-five years her senior—"like a beetroot in the snow," she described him; and there had been one pallid child. It had been out of the frying-pan into the fire, for he had taken her to Chatham, and Chatham was far, far worse than Dublin—with its trams, and its one noisy street of shops that led at last to Rochester.

"And I get so tired of being Major Morgan's Irish wife," she told Myrte. "That's what I always am—that's why I seem to exist. It's 'Oh, have you seen Major Morgan's wife? She is so Irish,' from morning till night."

She was never tiresome. She never worried him with the usual tedious questions as to issues. She simply drifted.

Myrte was unlike any man she had ever met. Not all the young soldiers in all the garrisons in the world were going to be any help to her here. Sometimes he would remain for hours hardly speaking, and then suddenly he would fling an arm round her and pass a gentle finger along her upper lip.

"Why do you do that?" she would inquire, wonderingly.

"Because it pleases me," he would answer, "because it pleases me—enormously," and with his free hand he would scoop the hot sand with a kind of rapture.

"Now," he would say, "look across the sea towards England—just once to please me . . . do . . . please do." And always she would obey him.

Swiftly, lightly, he would cover her eyes, as if he could not bear it.

"You have the bluest . . . the bluest eyes I have ever seen," he would say; "not stupid, shallow blue like the sky, but deep green-blue like the sea."

Then between the heroic rocks she would prepare tea. His eye would rest upon her as she piled the sticks with brown hands, as she blew the mounting flame which brought a fine colour into her cheeks. At that particular moment, in that particular place, no other figure but hers could have been desired, no other figure but hers could have, indeed, been possible.

And this would drive him reluctantly from his comfortable place in the sand, and going to her he would kiss her repeatedly, carefully, without passion; and both their faces were salt from the strong air.

"*Chère*," he would say, over and over again, "*chère . . . chère . . . chère . . . chère. . . .*"

Of course, it had happened before; Chatham was dull, and she had got into bad habits, but it had never been the least like this. She remembered floundering British ardour in dusty corners mystified by palms and draped with flags, the regimental band playing "Venus on Earth" in the distance.

At night he would take this very walk over the cliff from his village to hers. There was no dressing for dinner at the Hôtel de la Plage. Upstairs in her own room, by the light of a candle, he would see her moving to and fro, still wearing the brown twill blouse. She would hear the bells jingling round Cunégonde's collar, and her restlessness, which was the restlessness of expectancy, would stop, and she would open the window and lean out.

There he stood in the moonlight—a long, lean shadow on the white road, his hands outstretched in his dripping sleeves.

One day there was a fête, with a procession to bless the sea, and a fair with gingerbread and merry-go-rounds.

She put on her best dress, a coat and skirt she had bought at a sale in London. It was all wrong—as wrong as it was possible to be—with buttons and braid and decorations all in the wrong places. There was also a soul-chilling shirt with sham lace; and the black hair, which had looked too good to be true under the scarlet scarf, seemed merely rough and unkempt beneath a velvet hat. That day Myrte left her hastily, and went off with Cunégonde for a whole week. For one awful moment he had had a vision of tea-fights and tennis-parties—he had been introduced to Major Morgan's Irish wife.

When he came back his daughter of the soil was once more standing in the doorway of the Hôtel de la Plage. She never wore the coat and skirt again.

There had been many women more sophisticated than Major Morgan's Irish wife—women who matched the cities as the sea-birds matched their clefts—who had suffered pains in the heart for Myrte; in fact, until women have the vote, which we conclude is to afford them every form of protection, it would be just as well to shut up the Myrtes of the world.

(*Continued on page 108*)

A Drink at Nature's Bar

Photograph *Astington*

PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE WILLAN BECK IN THE ESKDALE VALLEY, CUMBERLAND

(Continued from page 106)

One day stood out; there was no satisfaction in it, but it would live with her till the end.

He had asked her to drive with him to a miraculous spring ten miles off, and he had arrived to fetch her in an old broken-down cart. They started out with Cunégonde enthroned between them, and they turned inland leading on to the open down far from all sign of habitation. At the summit Myrte pulled up.

"There it is," he said, pointing with his whip, "there—down there in the hollow."

She slipped to the ground, and, picking her way over the loose stones, climbed down the steep incline and leaned over the well. All round she saw that emerald-green, vivid by the incessant trickle of water, moss, pointed ferns, thriving plants unknown to the rest of that countryside—and pushed into crevices rusty bunches of rosaries, little anæmic statues, touching and desperate leavings with the perhaps tremulous hope of a distant and happier return. In places they had tried to light candles in the shelter of the rocks, for the ground was snowed with wax—and only the drip, drip, drip of the water speaking solitude.

She looked at Myrte. He had turned his back on her, and with hunched shoulders was gazing over the endless down.

She was a blind, dumb, unexpressed creature, but she knew instinctively that he was folded away, moved by some profound insular emotion in which she played no part. The knowledge that she might in no manner set foot on his territory, the certain sense of outer desolation, turned her quite cold, and she shivered in the warm sunshine.

As she came from the well she felt she, too, was leaving something behind with the pauper rosaries and weather-beaten statues, something of herself that would stay there for ever listening to the drip of the water.

On the way home, she clutched at Myrte's sleeve, and put a child's question.

"Myrte," she asked, "do you ever know what it means to be lonely?"

For a moment he looked at her blankly.

"Lonely?" he repeated . . . "lonely? No, never. Why should I?"

She asked herself had she ever unconsciously in all these days desired a crisis, a climax, a storm, the satisfaction of one personal moment that might have warmed the long chill days to come? If so, she knew now she would never have it.

When she reached her room in the inn she slipped off her clothes and left them in a heap on the floor—the red scarf, the fisherman's blouse, the symbols of her short, sharp liberty. She did not even take the pins out of her hair—but crept into the great cool French bed in which the coarse sheets always felt damp and clammy. Then the tears began—the tears of childhood—fiery, agonising—making a physical wreck of her vigorous body.

. . . .

At four in the morning Cunégonde died.

Myrte rose from his place by the basket, and mixed himself a drink. Then he went out into a pale dawn.

He had not closed an eye for two nights, and his face was wan and white as that of a Pierrot. The sea gleamed like a steel mirror, and the birds that were the colour of their surroundings were already beginning to fraternise among the cliffs.

Myrte stood where he had stood on the preceding night, in the path overhanging the rocks. He remembered the cities and he knew he was going back to them; he remembered the disquietude of human frailty, and he knew he was going back to it; and he remembered the little golden corpse in the basket by the dying fire.

Then for the first time the knowledge that he had been happy in this place surged in him, wet his eyes, and he stretched out his hands to the silver water.

"Life," he said, "life—sleeping in the rock, dreaming in the beast, waking in man."

But of Major Morgan's Irish wife weeping her heart out in the great French bed a mile away he thought nothing, remembered nothing, demanded nothing. VIOLA WOOLS

MR. GLEN CURTISS' "RESCUE BOAT" TO THE RESCUE!

This boat is used by its owner on the waters of Lake Keokuk at Hammondsfort, New York, for the purpose of rescuing hydroplane aviators who have had the misfortune to drop into the lake. As it can achieve a speed of 55 miles an hour, it is only a matter of seconds before a crippled aviator is being untangled from his machine

Climbing for CLIMBERS

TWO VIEWS OF THE REAL THING IN MOUNTAINEERING

A GENDARME NEAR THE TOP OF THE WETTERHORN

Photographs *G. P. Abraham*

ON THE GRINDELWALD GLACIER

On the following pages we publish an article entitled "Climbing for Non-Climbers," illustrating what can be done in the Alps by those who are but tyros in mountaineering. As a contrast, above will be found two fine views of the "real thing," showing climbers of experience on such difficult ascents as those of the Wetterhorn and the Grindelwald Glacier

CLIMBING for NON-CLIMBERS

TWO NON-CLIMBERS NEARLY 10,000FT. UP

At the cairn marking the summit of the Augsbord, a little-known pass from St. Nicolas (Visp Valley) to Gruben in the Turtmann Valley, Valais

By ARTHUR J. IRELAND

A Sport of the Few

ALTHOUGH the mere mention of the name Switzerland conjures up to the mind's eye of most people pictures of mighty mountains and beautiful lakes, it is amazing that so few of the hundreds of thousands of visitors to this delightful "playground of Europe" enjoy one of the most characteristic of the pastimes of the country—namely, the making of such mountain expeditions as require no special skill or training. The vast majority of tourists are content to gaze at the great heights from afar as they travel from one well-known centre to another, and it must be admitted that the experience is very satisfying; but it is an indisputable fact that the pleasure of a visit to this land of many wonders would be increased many times over if every tour were planned so as to embrace some of the countless excursions into the mountains which even the most inexperienced man or woman can make with absolute safety.

The Real Thing

Real mountaineering is, admittedly, a most trying, dangerous, and expensive sport—and it is one which requires exceptional training and skill. But, apart from the great mountains, there are quite enough easy peaks to occupy the attention of the inexperienced visitor—and it is strictly to these that what I have to say must be applied. As a matter of fact, by means of passes and easy peaks which necessitate nothing much more than a stiff walk—as distinguished from real climbing—the Alps can be thoroughly explored from end to end; and this should satisfy everyone who merely wants to gain first-hand experience of the atmosphere of the mountains.

Minor Heights

Almost everybody in Switzerland—I am speaking of the natives—climbs and loves the mountains. But it may surprise the majority of visitors to learn that comparatively few of the Swiss ever tackle any of the first-class peaks. They find deep and satisfying enjoyment in making expeditions to the minor heights; and this fact is, I consider, the strongest argument in support of my assertion that excursions into the mountains which must be described as walks, in order to distinguish them from serious climbs, should occupy a large part of every visitor's time in the country.

For the Novice

Round and about every place in Switzerland—in the Bernese Oberland, near Lucerne, around the Lake of Geneva, in the Rhone Valley, in the Jura district—there are plenty of these minor peaks for the novice to climb; and there are also, many delightful expeditions into the very heart of the mountains that can be made with perfect safety. As a rule, reliable information can be obtained locally; and as those who will give it will be far better qualified to judge of the capabilities of the would-be climber than anybody who has not seen the inquirers can possibly be, I earnestly counsel this course. The Alps are delightful, but they are treacherous; and they must be approached with a feeling of deference.

Hints for the Tyro

However, while declining to undertake responsibility for those who make excursions for which they are unfitted, there are a few general hints that may be given with safety. And I cannot help thinking, as the result of personal experience, that they will prove useful to many climbers who would be very much insulted if described as novices. It is surprising how familiarity with the dangers of the mountains breeds contempt—quite unwarrantable contempt, be it added—and pure carelessness and ignorance are the causes of quite an appreciable percentage of the catastrophes which mar every climbing season.

PIERRE À VOIR

A peak of the limestone range which separates the Rhone Valley from the Valley of the Drance, near Martigny

Suitable Outfits

First and foremost, the question of forethought, as regards a suitable outfit for the mountains, must claim the attention of every counsellor, self-ordained or otherwise. Strong, serviceable clothes are absolutely essential when climbing—and the greatest possible attention should be paid to the selection of the boots which are to be worn. Light but warm woollen undergarments should always be worn by both men and women; for linen is unsuitable, because when it becomes soaked by perspiration it is very likely to cause a chill. The outer garments should be easy-fitting but not cumbersome. Knickerbockers and a Norfolk jacket with button-over flaps to the pockets, for men, and a short tweed skirt with a comfortable buttoned jacket-bodice, for women, are the most suitable styles of dress. The head should be covered by a close-fitting hat which will not blow off easily; and it is absolutely necessary that there should be shade for the eyes and protection for the back of the neck. Only those who have been up into the mountains know how fierce the rays of the sun are in the clear atmosphere of high altitudes.

About Boots and Stockings

The question of footwear is so important that it claims special treatment. Soft, knitted stockings are indispensable—the slightest roughness will give agony, and a sudden twinge of pain at a critical moment is enough to cause an accident. And too much attention cannot be paid to the boots which are to be worn in the mountains. They should be strong but soft, and they should fit perfectly; and the soles and edges should be well nailed. In the Alps the grass slopes—not to mention the rocks, ice and snow—are exceedingly slippery when they have been sun-baked; and unless the nailing is properly done by an experienced maker of mountain boots it is impossible to secure a good foothold.

In the Rucksack

Finally, the contents of the rucksack must be carefully considered. When going for long tramps over rough, steep country, every ounce that is carried must be justified; and, therefore, the value of every article that is taken should be critically weighed. A pair of blue, or smoked, spectacles

ON THE GEMMI PASS

Some eight miles south of Kandersteg, commanding a fine view of the Alps of the Valais

A NON-CLIMBER
On a rocky footpath through the Gries Pass, a little-known route from Ulrichen in the Rhone Valley over the Alps to the Tosa falls in Italy

should be taken on all occasions; for if the snow-line is reached they will be wanted. Everybody should, also, take a sweater, jersey, or some other warm wrap, which will be much appreciated in the event of being overtaken by one of the sudden changes in the weather which are so common in the Alps. A compass, a telescope, a good map of the district which is being explored, either a collapsible lantern and a candle or a pocket electric lamp of fair strength, a whistle, and a piece of soap are the most essential articles which should find a place in the rucksack; and, of course, a fair supply of compact provisions—rather more than enough to last for the estimated time that the expedition will take, in case of eventualities—and a flask of good brandy should be taken by everyone. Then, even though they may not be wanted—especially when making the expeditions I am suggesting—every party should be provided with a coil of good Alpine rope and a ball of strong twine; and it is, also, a necessary precaution to have at least one ice-axe.

Natural Dangers

As regards what may be classified as the natural dangers of the mountains—weather changes, falling stones, avalanches—little practical help can be given in a general way. However, it is safe to say that nobody should venture into the mountains when people who have spent their lives among them are doubtful concerning the prospects. An Alpine storm is a very terrible thing to encounter; and they are things which come on very suddenly even when the weather appears to be settled. Falling stones are not likely to be a serious menace to those who limit themselves to the kind of expeditions I suggest for non-climbers; and at the right seasons of the year for making mountain excursions avalanches are not of frequent occurrence.

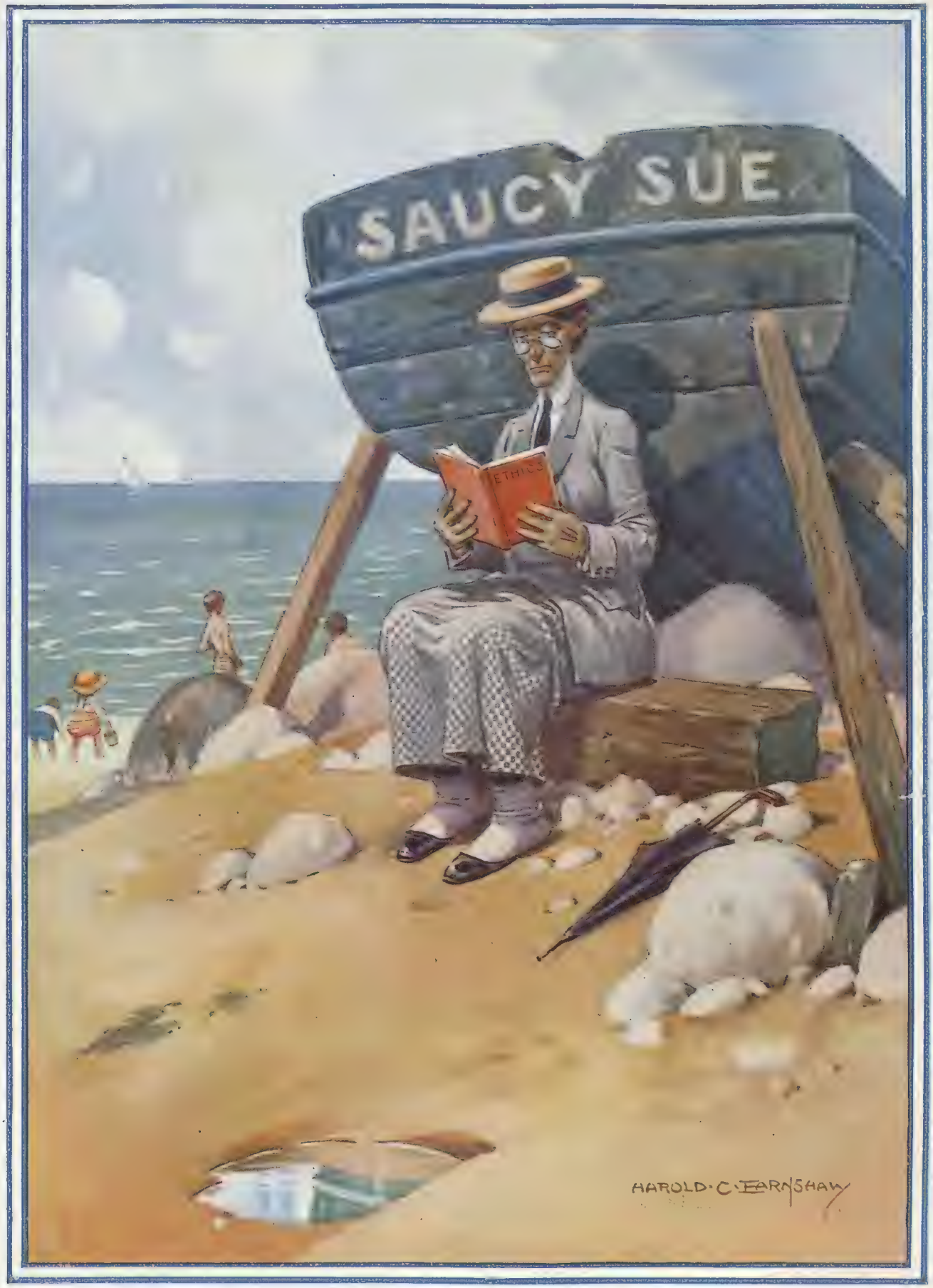
A Word of Warning

So, provided the general hints I have given are taken to heart, the Alps will have few terrors for those who act upon my suggestion, and set out to explore the minor peaks. One word of warning, however, is necessary. Sudden mists sometimes envelope the mountains; and if the novice is caught in this way, it will be wiser to wait until the weather changes before attempting to proceed. The best thing to do under such circumstances is to seek what shelter can be found close at hand, and then to wait patiently—all night, if necessary—until the mist disperses. Otherwise, a catastrophe may very easily happen; for when they are enveloped in mist, it is absolutely impossible to distinguish anything on the mountains, and a false step may mean instant death, or most terrible suffering.

In other respects, the dangers which will be encountered are negligible—at any rate, they are well worth risking. And I am firmly convinced that people who follow out my advice, and go off the beaten track into the Alps, will find Switzerland a country of enchantment far beyond their fondest dreams.

ARTHUR J. IRELAND

THE MAUVAIS PAS, CHAMONIX
A steep and rocky path leading down from the Mer de Glace to the Chapeau at the base of the Aiguille à Bochard



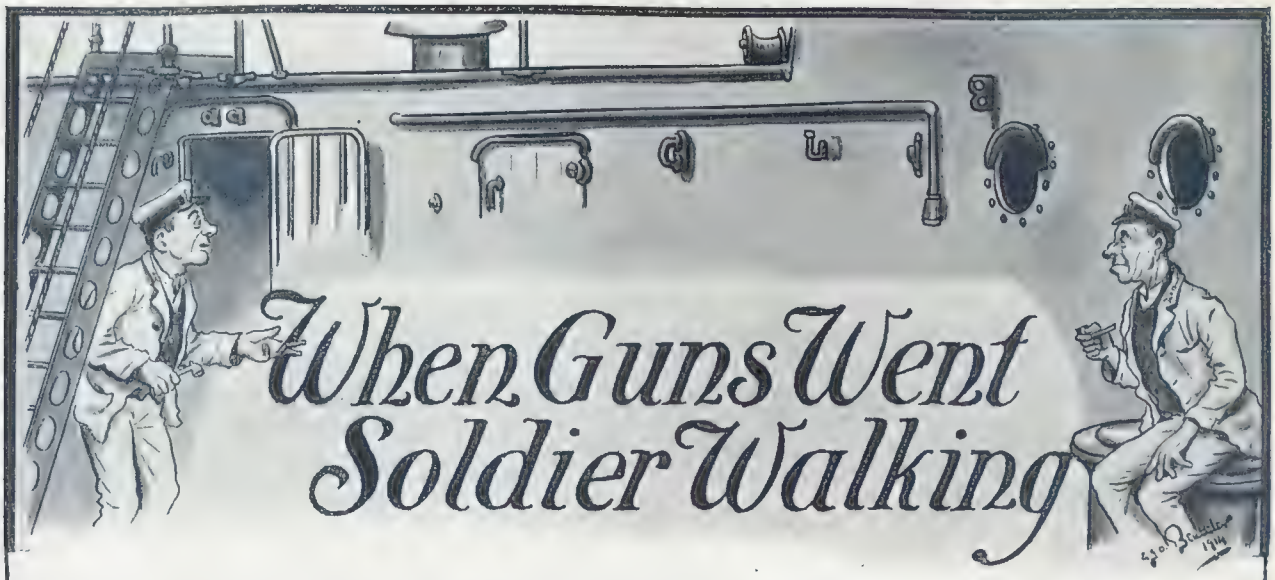
BY HAROLD C. EARNSHAW

"Days of Peace and Slumb'rous Calm

Photograph *Konody*

BY THE CANAL-SIDE AT BURANO

The small town upon the island of the same name which lies but five miles to the north-east of Venice, but it might be hundreds of miles from anywhere, so primitive, simple and unsophisticated are the people on this little island. The male portion of the population is busy with fishery, and the women with lace-making, for which the town is famous. The photograph shows the fishing fleet back in the canal after a catch of octopus—a delicacy of the Venetian table



When Guns Went Soldier Walking

"No!" he added. 'Rifles, and cutlasses, an' pistols, and, for the matter o' that, boardin' pikes is indoobitably stores."—he tapped out his pipe and turned to go below—"besides which the Almighty never intended sailors to go soldier-walking"

BY RICHARD PINK. ILLUSTRATED BY LIEUT. E. G. O. BEUTTLER, R.N.R.

THE Captain, being a torpedoman, was not pleased, and signified the same in the usual manner. But—an order was an order, so he sent for the Gunnery Lieutenant, and, after explaining forcibly to that bewildered young officer that guns, gunnery, and, above all, Gunnery Lieutenants, were the curse of the Service, ordered him to take the necessary steps for the great adventure.

"Anyone would think," he added bitterly, "that we were a touring circus, instead of a Submarine Depôt Ship."

The Gunnery Lieutenant was far too elated to be affected by his Captain's manner.

"I suppose I can have the submarines' crews?" he asked.

"Certainly," retorted his commanding officer, with heavy sarcasm. "Take anything or anybody you require. My galley's crew can carry the standards, and my *chef* can walk behind and beat a drum."

"Thank you, Sir," said the Gunnery Lieutenant, politely, "I'll try to do without them, if I can. I'll bring you my 'Field State' in an hour's time."

"You'll do nothing of the sort," snapped the Captain. "If the Admiralty are fools enough to turn out a Depôt Ship and twelve submarines' crews for the express purpose of giving the Territorials a beanfeast, I'm not going to allow myself to be bothered about it."

He turned towards his sleeping cabin, and the Gunnery Lieutenant, realising that the interview was at an end, retired hastily. He did not feel particularly abashed, for enthusiasm sang in his heart. Ever since the days of "Long Course" at Whale Island, when he had handled battalions on parade, he had known himself to be a brilliant commander, and now, at last, he was to have a chance to display his abilities.

So he summoned unto him the Gunner, the Gunner's mates, and the Armourer, and rapidly explained the situation to them. A surprise night attack was to be made on a regiment of Territorials encamped just beyond the seaport town of Culverham. Every rifle in the ship would be needed, and those of the invading

(Continued on page 117)

"Among them all, with a chest that threatened at any moment to rend the buttons from his monkey jacket, strode the Gunnery Lieutenant attended by his satellites. He had adopted the 'Napoleonic manner'"

Baby's Dream
Sweet peace to baby comes
Tired out with play
Visions of Fairy homes
Where elves hold sway
Look! magic soap they bring
Coal Tar, the (W)right
Giving to Nursery's King
Calm rest to-night.
WRIGHTS
COAL TAR
SOAP

WHEN GUNS WENT SOLDIER WALKING (*continued*)

army for whom no rifles could be found were to be armed with cutlasses and pistols, or, if need be, to make up the requisite number, with boarding pikes.

The Gunner, and the Gunner's mates, rapidly caught their superior officer's enthusiasm; they, also, fancied themselves as leaders of men; but the armourer, upon whom would fall most of the work and absolutely none of the glory, did not look so pleased. He felt that he had a justifiable grievance.

"He called up a file of seamen and a petty officer and placed the now thoroughly alarmed soldier in their charge. The colonel continued to protest!"

Rifles, and cutlasses, and pistols were undoubtedly stores, and stores were intended to be kept in store-rooms; not to be handed out wholesale to the entirely untrustworthy hands of stokers who had, long since, forgotten all they ever knew of the Lee-Enfield mechanism.

So he breathed doubts, and, to a slight extent, damped the enthusiasm of his comrades in arms. But he was in a hopeless minority, so the effects of his warning were not great.

Consequently when, twenty-four hours later, H.M.S. *Volcano* steamed out of the Firth of Forth, and made her way cautiously along the coast, she might well have been mistaken for some modern pirate ship bent upon bloody deeds. She had left her submarines in safety alongside Granton Pier — after borrowing their entire crews save for a few watch-keepers—so her deck positively bristled with armed men, who either flourished their weapons with a martial air and with an entire disregard of their neighbours' comfort, or else gazed forlornly around them in sheer bewilderment as to what, exactly, they were supposed to be.

Among them all, with a chest that threatened at any moment to rend the buttons from his monkey jacket, strode the Gunnery Lieutenant, attended by his satellites. He had adopted the "Napoleonic" manner, and, as he passed company after company under his hawk-like eyes, he breathed words of praise or advice into the ears of his "Die Hards." Very wisely, however, he stopped slightly short of his ideal, and did not tweak their ears, or address them as *Petits Soldats*. He feared this action might be misunderstood — and, consequently, resented—by his unimaginative followers.

At last the *Volcano* neared her destination. Her *grande armée* were enjoined to yet stricter silence. Every light in the ship had already been covered, and, as there was a slight sea-fog which cast a generous mantle of concealment around them, the Gunnery Lieutenant felt assured of all the advantages a surprise would give him.

All was now prepared. The seamen companies stood by to lower the two cutters on the starboard side; the stokers performed a similar duty for the pinnace and the other cutter on the port side. The submarines' crews remained fallen in on the quarter deck, ready to climb down into the boats as soon as they touched the water. The sick berth attendants, the officers' stewards, and the carpenter's mates grasped their boarding-pikes, stretchers, and ammunition-boxes more firmly as the great moment approached and prepared to give their lives for their country.

A muffled order came from the bridge. "Let go."

"Tents shook, as with a mighty pressure behind them, and then collapsed, burying their occupants, etc. . . the sailors dropped their rifles. . . the citizen soldiers lost their courage—they went!"

WHEN GUNS WENT SOLDIER WALKING (*continued*)

The anchor was already hanging from the ship, close to the water. Very slowly the First Lieutenant, and the nucleus crew, who were to be left behind, veered it from the cable-holder. Even the Captain smiled.

" I don't think there's much chance of their hearing that," he said.

Still in silence, the boats were lowered into the water, filled with Die-Hards, and manœuvred into a straggling line. In the leading boat the Gunnery Lieutenant took the helm, and, with an absolute ignorance of where he was going to, but with a blind trust in his own Divine destiny, gave the order to " give way."

Fortune favoured them. By carefully steering a course from the lights of the town, they eventually reached the shore, and, although they ran aground some considerable distance from the actual beach, the Gunnery Lieutenant felt that he had made an excellent landfall. It was only later he discovered that by going another twenty yards to the right he could have run his entire fleet alongside a wooden pier, and have got his army ashore dry-shod. As it was, they gained a great deal of water outside, and lost a great deal of courage within.

Still, the spell of the Gunnery Lieutenant's oratory was upon them, and they considerately muffled their curses as they staggered shorewards, where they were quickly formed up by their company commanders.

The Gunnery Lieutenant himself, with a small band of desperate heroes, decided to rush the Coastguard Station, and thus prevent any news of their arrival leaking through to the enemy's camp, or to the antique fort which graced the top of a near-by hill.

Silently as panthers on the trail, they scaled the heights. A distance of ten yards from the door they crouched, and then the Gunnery Lieutenant, stepping to the front, gave the order " Charge ! "

Ten British blues, with a two-and-a-half-striped Lieutenant at their head, fled for the entrance. The surprise had commenced.

" Surrender," cried the Gunnery Lieutenant, flinging open the door.

An elderly coastguard rose and saluted.

" Ay, sor," he said, " I was expectin' ye. I s'pose ye're frae th' *Volcano ?* I was watchin' 'er comin' up."

The Gunnery Lieutenant started back in sheer amaze.

" Great Scot ! " he exclaimed, " I hope you haven't been fool enough to tell the soldiers ? "

The Coastguard smiled, and placed his finger delicately against the side of his nose.

" Na, na," he said, " I was off dooty when I saw ye comin' in an', besides, I'm Navy mesel'."

The Gunnery Lieutenant was much relieved, and, leaving two of his escort in charge of the station, decided that his next practical move was to capture the fort. In deathlike silence he rejoined his companies, and, having attached the coastguard to his person as official guide to the expedition, proceeded to surround the fort.

At last all was ready, and, with a firm tread, he approached the gate and knocked. It was opened to him at once, and a bewildered sentry inquired his needs.

" I wish to see your commanding officer," said the Gunnery Lieutenant.

" Certainly, Sir," said the sentry—his profession in civil life was obvious. " Step this way, please. I'll go for the sergeant in command."

He disappeared into the shadow of the living quarters, and the Gunnery Lieutenant, having wedged the door, marched in a party of twenty partially armed stokers, under a sub-lieutenant, to garrison the building.

" Don't let anyone come in or go out, Banks," the Gunnery Lieutenant told the youthful officer. " And if they try to make a row, bash them on the head."

At this moment the sentry returned with a morose-looking sergeant, who showed distinct signs of irritation at having been dragged from his bed.

" What's up here ? " he inquired briefly.

" You'll consider yourselves prisoners," said the Gunnery Lieutenant, " and, unless you want trouble, you'd better keep your men quiet. This officer is now in command of the fort."

" I'm blest if he is ! " retorted the sergeant with heat. " I'm in command 'ere, and if you look at the notice outside the gate you'll see that trespassers will be prosecuted with all the rigour of the law, by order of the War Office. Now, get out," he added fiercely.

The position was certainly awkward, so the Gunnery Lieutenant hastened to explain.

" We're the landing-party from H.M.S. *Volcano*," he announced. " And, as I'm the officer in command of the expedition, you'd better be more respectful. You're prisoners, and will remain such till the end of the manœuvres. I'll leave you to take charge now, Banks," he added to the sub.

He turned towards the gate, and had passed out into the night before the sergeant could recover his gift of speech. Then a wail rose on the still air.

" Prisoners ? " it cried unhappily, " it ain't bloomin' well fair ! We didn't expect you till to-morrow night."

The Gunnery Lieutenant, however, took no notice. Once more he collected his battalion for the last desperate deed of the night—the capture of the enemy's camp.

" Where's that coastguard ? " he demanded of his personal staff.

They gazed round blankly ; the coastguard had disappeared. Like the sensible man he was, he had realised that bed was, undoubtedly, the place for him. Night air did not agree with the rheumatism in his bones ; so, when interest had been withdrawn from himself for a few moments, he had slipped quietly back to his own home, and, after informing his wife that, if required, he was ill in bed, sank into a happy and restful slumber. Meanwhile, the Gunnery Lieutenant raved, and the Gunnery Lieutenant swore, but guide there was none ; so, finally making up his mind to do without him, he gave the order to march, and set forth in what he imagined to be the direction of the enemy's camp.

For a quarter of an hour the only sound to be heard was the occasional jingle of arms and the squeaking of new boots. Then, in a hoarse whisper, the Die Hards were halted. A scout who had been sent out in advance returned with the news that he had caught sight of the enemy's camp in the distance. The Gunnery Lieutenant went forward to see for himself. Yes, those conical shapes, undoubtedly, could be nothing but tents, so he sent off a messenger to bring up the force. With masterly skill he manœuvred them through a gate and into a field. In the distance

(*Continued on page 120*)

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WHEN GUNS WENT SOLDIER WALKING (*continued*)

they could just make out the dim outlines of the tents.

"Fix bayonets," ordered the Gunnery Lieutenant. "Fix bayonets," repeated the company commanders. "Fix bay'nits," whispered the section leaders. There was a pause, a distinct rattle, and then once more all was silence.

"Charge and cheer!" ordered the Gunnery Lieutenant.

With a wild shout the mighty host swept forward. At last they were face to face with the enemy, and nothing but bloody slaughter could satisfy them!

They had not reckoned on one thing, however. Straight through the centre of the field ran a broad ditch, in which, two inches of water flowed gently over a luscious bottom of four feet of mud. The army, by its very weight and speed, could not check, so they took that ditch all together. They entered it with a splash at one side, and came out with a distinct "plop!" at the other, as they released their limbs from the all-embracing mud.

Some of them lost their rifles, some their caps, some, the last of their enthusiasm, but even this failed to check them entirely. They climbed up the other side, and set off again, cheering spasmodically. Then, with one last gallant effort, they reached the camp, and dived, head first, at the tents.

Sad, sad, was their disillusioning, and the Gunnery Lieutenant, as he scraped the mud from his trousers with his sword, and then attempted to wipe away what remained with handfuls of hay torn from the "tents," cursed long and bitterly.

"Damn these Scotch!" he said. "Why can't they make their hay-cocks like Christian people?"

Silence was now a thing of the past. Every man explained to his neighbour exactly what he thought of the Navy, of the Territorials, and of things in general. In more guarded tones, they also expressed their opinion of the Gunnery Lieutenant, and he, although he did not hear them, felt an uncomfortable prickling down his back, and grew hot in consequence.

Then the expedition had its first slice of luck. A loud and exceedingly raucous voice arose suddenly in their midst.

"What the devil are you people doing on my property?" it demanded. "Who are you, and what are you?"

The Gunnery Lieutenant turned, and came face to face with a Colonel of Territorials in full uniform. He rose to the occasion like a man.

"You're my prisoner," he said.

"Prisoner be damned!" retorted the irate Colonel. "I'll give you a month without the option when I get you before the Bench to-morrow morning."

Once more the Gunnery Lieutenant was obliged to explain his official capacity. The Colonel listened, and, presently, discovered through the veil of mud that the Gunnery Lieutenant was, undoubtedly, in Naval uniform. For the first time he began to realise the humour of the situation. He threw back his head, and laughed very heartily indeed.

"You're the funniest looking mob I ever set eyes on," he gurgled enthusiastically.

This was the last straw. Even Napoleon, had he been faced with a similar situation, might have been forgiven for losing his temper.

"You shut up!" roared the Gunnery Lieutenant. "Remember you are a prisoner, and behave as such."

The Colonel's laughter died suddenly.

"Prisoner, am I?" he demanded, heatedly. "In one of my own fields, too, when I only walked over to see who the deuce was making such a hullabaloo, and frightening the birds on my property?"

"Yes," said the Gunnery Lieutenant, "and such you will remain until the end of the manœuvres."

He called up a file of seamen and a petty officer, and placed the now thoroughly alarmed soldier in their charge. The Colonel continued to protest.

"I've got five hundred men encamped just beyond that wood," he stormed. "You can't possibly do this. It isn't fair."

"Thanks," said the Gunnery Lieutenant. "That's just what I wanted to know."

Once more he formed up his tattered army, and marched off in the direction the Colonel had indicated.

This time there was no mistake. The gleam of white canvas showed through the murk when they were still some distance away.

Then the Gunnery Lieutenant did a wise thing. He realised that with his mens' tempers in their present raw condition a "Charge and cheer" might possibly lead to serious trouble. So he marched them off company by company, until he had encircled the entire camp with an open line of men. Then, once more accompanied by his staff, he made his way towards the enemy's tents.

A sentry challenged them, so the Gunnery Lieutenant answered "Officer," and, taking the sentry with a gentle and friendly grip of the arm, bade him show the way to the major's tent. The sentry, being a well-disciplined man, did exactly as he was told, and presently the Gunnery Lieutenant, much elated, found himself beside the sleeping form of the second in command. He coughed gently in the hope that the soldier would awake; but he didn't. So the Gunnery Lieutenant spoke to him, then shook him, and finally, all other means having failed, dragged the blankets from him, and planted a cold sponge on his distinguished features. The Major awoke with a yell.

"What the devil's this?" he demanded.

"I'm the commanding officer of the *Volcano's* landing-party," replied the Gunnery Lieutenant. "You and your battalion are prisoners; the camp is surrounded."

"Came in contact with the county police and were marched under escort to their ship"

(*Continued on page 122*)

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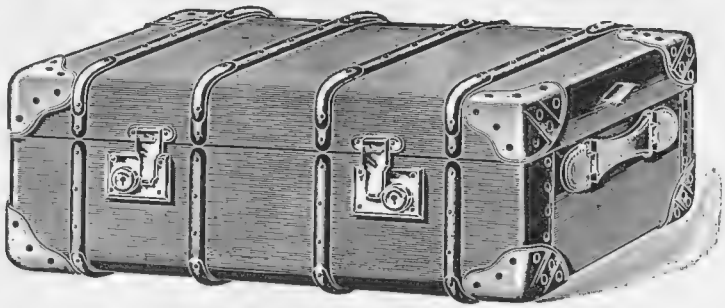

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WHEN GUNS WENT SOLDIER WALKING (*concluded*)

"All right," said the Major. "You needn't make so much row about it, you know. We weren't expecting you till to-morrow night, so you've got nothing to boast about." He stretched his arms above his head and yawned. "I was having such a lovely dream, too," he added, regretfully.

Then, for the first time, he caught sight thoroughly of the Gunnery Lieutenant.

"By Gad! You *are* in a mess, old man," he exclaimed. "What you want is a dram of whisky."

He rose hastily from his camp bed and produced a bottle. The Gunnery Lieutenant thawed at once—he was cold, and wet, and miserable—and, under the influence of this unexpected hospitality, related the happenings of the night in such a graphic manner that the Major finally announced that, undoubtedly, the Gunnery Lieutenant was a good soldier lost to the Army. This pleased the Gunnery Lieutenant, and he, in turn remarked that the Major was a very good sort, and, by rights, ought to have been in the Navy. So they had another stiff nip to celebrate this, and then the Gunnery Lieutenant announced that he must go. He shook the Major's hand warmly, and made his way through the now awakened camp.

From the officers' mess tent arose the sounds of laughter and much revelry. The Gunnery Lieutenant put his head within, and there discovered his company commanders—on the other three hundred and sixty-four days of the year seconds in command of H.M. submarines—being lavishly entertained with much cold beef, cheese, whisky, and trimmings. The Gunnery Lieutenant was, naturally, angry.

"I wish you fellows would remember that you're here on duty," he remarked, severely. "Go back to your posts at once!"

The company commanders rose, somewhat sheepishly.

"All right," they said, "you needn't make such a howl about it."

"Go and collect your companies at once," said the Gunnery Lieutenant, more indignantly than ever. "We'll march back to the boats now."

The company commanders buckled on their sword belts and departed. The Gunnery Lieutenant turned to follow them, but the senior captain of the regiment, much impressed by this display of authority, begged him, also, to have a snack. So the Gunnery Lieutenant, realising that his men could hardly be "fallen-in" ready for him in less than ten minutes, sat down and prepared to partake of much refreshment. At this moment, however, a great uproar arose from the other end of the camp. Shouts, yells, and curses mingled in one vast medley, and suddenly a company commander returned breathlessly to the mess tent.

"Here, 'Guns,'" he shouted. "You'd better come along. Our chaps have broken into the wet canteen, and now they and the Terriers are fighting like mad dogs over the booty."

The Gunnery Lieutenant wasted no time in reflection; he bolted from that tent like a rabbit, followed by the captain and various subalterns in all stages of undress. But they did not get far; the fight was working their way, and they were almost immediately held up in a perfect press of Territorials, fleeing before the hideous band of ruffians who had once been the *Volcano's* landing-party.

Tents suddenly shook, as with a mighty pressure behind them, and then collapsed, burying their occupants and anyone else who chanced to be in the way. Half the camp was already laid flat, whilst, full of enthusiasm and beer, the *Volcanos* charged on over the ruins, and drove the terrified Territorials like sheep before them.

The sailors had dropped their rifles, their boarding-pikes, their everything; bare fists were, obviously, the order of the day, and, as one after another the comrades received unsightly injuries, the citizen soldiers lost the last of their courage. They waited not upon the order of their going—they went.

The Gunnery Lieutenant shouted himself hoarse; the company commanders threw themselves in the way and collared men with all the science of the Rugby field; the Territorial officers attempted to band their men together and march them from the scene; all to no good. Numbers—sheer, brute numbers—told, and, within five minutes, not one tent was left standing, and not one Territorial—save the bruised and battered—remained in sight. The rout was complete.

So the majority of the *Volcanos*—being unused to much running—gave up the pursuit, and only a few enthusiasts continued happily upon a chase which did not end until, some forty-eight hours later, they came in contact with the County Police, and were marched, under escort, to their ship.

But, at last, a semblance of order was restored. Fuming with impotent rage, the Gunnery Napoleon gathered his officers and the remainder of his army. Slowly, but shamefacedly, they fell in according to their companies, while the Gunnery Lieutenant told them exactly what he thought of them, what other people thought of them, and what he would do to them when he got them on board. Then, lest worse should befall, he gave the order to march, and all that was left of the army set off slowly toward the boats.

. . . . . .

"Rifles is stores," said the Armourer, sadly, as he watched the steamboat conveying the Gunnery Lieutenant and all his goods for ever from the ship. "An' the place for stores is indoobitably store-rooms. Consequenshally, there'll always be trouble when you take 'em out. This little beano, f'r instance, has cost 'Guns' 'is promotion, lost two Fust Class P.O.'s their rate, an' jammed the cells full, not to mention a decent sized crowd still waitin' to go in. Rotten, I calls it!"

"But we licked 'em, though," put in a gunner's mate. "You mustn't forget that."

"I don't," replied the Armourer. "An' I don't forget, neither, that five o' my rifles 'as never been heard of since, nor don't I forget that them what did come back was that full o' mud an' rust, it took me nigh on six weeks to get 'em put right, not to speak o' pistols an' cutlasses what won't never be the same weppins again."

He spat reflectively into the ocean, and shook his head sorrowfully.

"No," he added, "rifles an' cutlasses, an' pistols, an', for the matter o' that, boardin' pikes, is indoobitably stores, an' the place for stores is indoobitably storerooms, besides which"—he tapped out his pipe and turned to go below—"th' A'mighty never intended sailors to go 'soldier walking'!"

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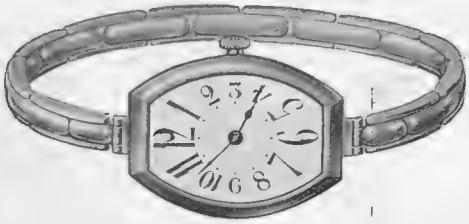

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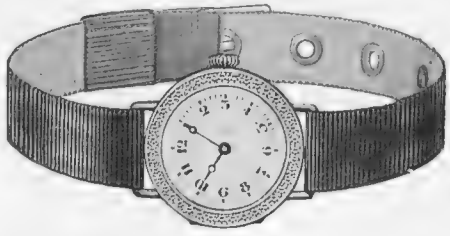

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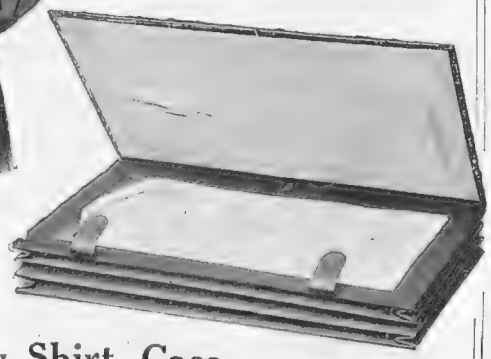

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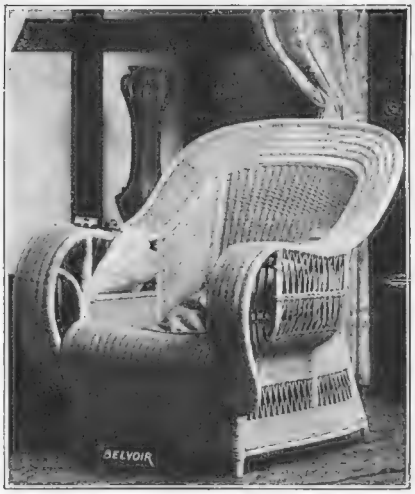

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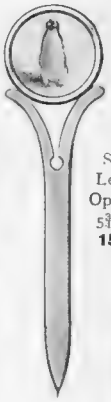

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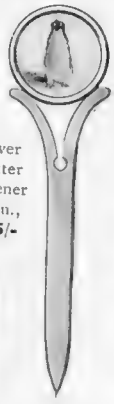

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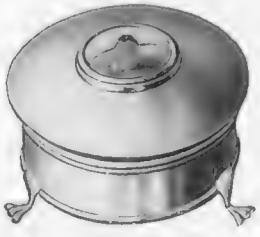

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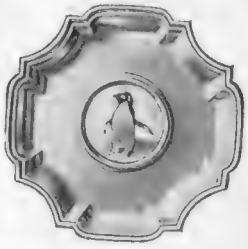

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(*Continued from page 124*)

to be aware of that fact. I can think of no more interesting tour than one round about Wiltshire, where strange mounds and monuments will be constantly meeting your eye and setting you wondering about their signification. In *The Green Roads of England* (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net) Mr. Hippisley Cox discusses the probable meaning of all the trackways and earthworks which are still to be seen and which seem to him to radiate out in more or less regular fashion from Avebury. He has theories of his own on the subject, and his maps and sketches are exceedingly interesting. If you want a really unconventional holiday I can think of none so satisfactory as a fortnight's walk in Wiltshire and the surrounding counties with Mr. Hippisley Cox's book in your knapsack.

An Early Novel of Frank Norris

It was somewhat surprising to hear that an unpublished manuscript of the late Frank Norris had, after years, been discovered in San Francisco. This is now published with a note of explanation by the novelist's brother, under the title of *Vandover and the Brute* (Heinemann: 6*s.*). In speaking of this book, it is only fair to Norris's memory to say that *Vandover and the Brute* was written at the beginning of his career and put aside. It is not probable that Norris would have allowed its publication in anything like the present form. Indeed, his brother admits that the central theme of the book ran away with its author with unfortunate results. As it stands *Vandover and the Brute* is a stark piece of writing, most interesting (and most painful) to read, but lacking that sense of cohesion which is so necessary to a work of fiction. The story is too true to be good—art. Yet here and there the real Norris appears, as in the scene of the shipwreck, but on the whole it seems a pity to have printed this earlier experiment after the world has become familiar with *The Octopus* and *The Pit*.

RALPH STRAUS

THE LATE MR. FRANK NORRIS

An early manuscript of whose "Vandover and the Brute," only recently discovered, has just been published by Heinemann, and is reviewed on this page

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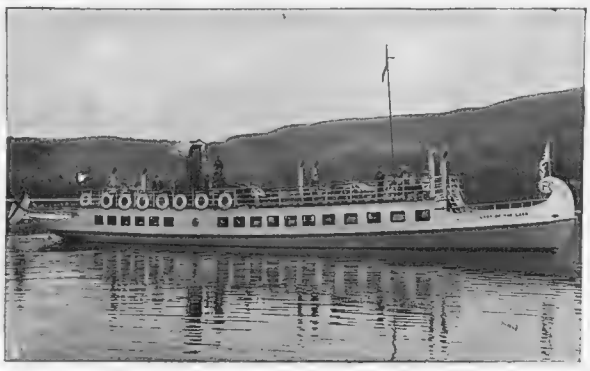

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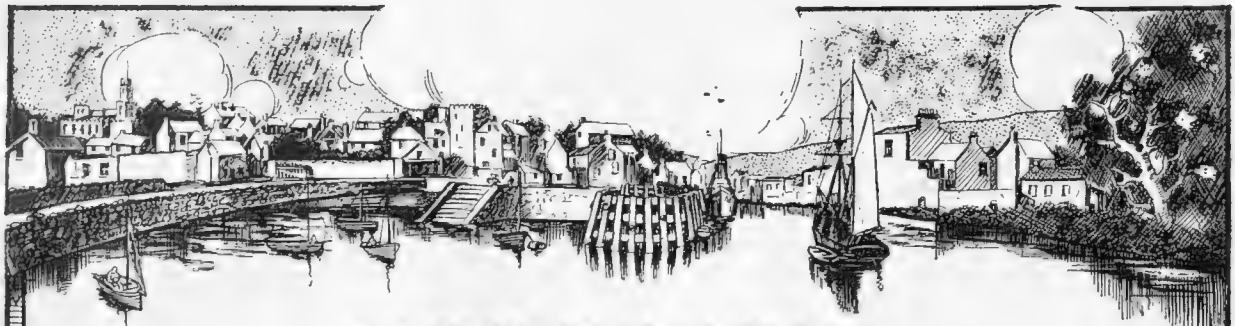

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AT HOME OR ABROAD?

BY MALCOLM SAVAGE TREACHER

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Loch Lomond, reached by Midland express, proves the most fascinating paradise for the holiday maker. You may yacht, climb lofty mountains, fish for trout, pike and perch, explore its thirty wooded islands, and permeate your soul with rich historic memory

Holiday Psychology

WHEN is life really *lived?* It is not the newest riddle of psychology for neurotics: merely airy fantasy to speculate upon. When, indeed? Speaking with catholic sense of taste, the writer *knows* your own life, for instance, is not lived in humdrum routine work, neither in tedious calls and five o'clocks. Isn't it when the great moment comes for full action: for rich blood coursing and pulsing through the veins; for sighing and yearning, as would not disgrace a passionate lover; for taking Aladdin's lamp in your hand, and heigh-away to make holiday? Slam the house-door behind you: leave your piles of letters and telegrams to answer themselves. Then by the Seven Sleepers, in these July days of red-cheeked apples and cherries, of loaded orchards and wealth of blossom; when, stung into full-life by the sun's hot kisses: fanned by salt-breeze: tasting the sweet of life on snowy crag: riding knee-deep on jolting waggon of sweet-smelling hay, making holiday, we repeat, in these gorgeous dog-days is the only thing in this wide world that matters a single button! Just as Corydon piped his Phyllis to the village fair, heigh-away, well-away, we're off together. For our purse is swollen, our moods are tuned delightfully, we are going just where we list. And if you choose to linger a whole month under any one enchantment, no word of reproach shall be yours.

Photograph *Payne Jennings*

MAKING HOLIDAY IN THE DOWN-LANDS

Seaford, on the other hand, offers attraction of even wider scope, including golf, and practically every sport you may name. Walks over the Downs may be had into half-forgotten villages of the Sussex Weald, and climbs over the cube of white cliff, seen above. It is served by the Brighton Railway

Where to Go

"But Where Shall We Make Holiday?" you ask timorously. Allah be praised! No such question need be asked to-day. For the fair lands of Europe are more easily unlocked with your golden key than were those perilous stretches of country between London and Bath, or the journey by Hoy to Margate of which Charles Lamb told in those spacious days of sail and stage-coach. To-day the choice before you is so wide

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued).

Holidays in Erin's Isle

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Where the Purple Mountains, Sweet Innisfallen, Muckross Abbey, and true enchantment of lake and mountain hark you back to the Fairyland of Youth. Within easy journey of London by the Great Western Railway, the region around is compared rightly to Saxon Switzerland and the Rhine

and vast that we vow the only question to solve is "Where *not* to make Holiday."

A Song of Araby

You find it reserved for the Great Western Railway at the commencement of the twentieth century to render it possible for the Londoner to take his coffee and bacon on the Fishguard express, and eat his salmon for supper that self same evening at Killarney. It's nought less than miraculous when you rightly consider this. Yet here we are at Killarney, with no thought of anything else. Enchantment of lake and mountain, fairylike scenery, wondrous excursions! You take your razor-backed Irish pony to "Gaps" and "Punch Bowls" and Devil-this and that. Too sore the next day, you become oarsman, and picnic on Innisfallen. Then coach: then by jaunting-car. Jovial rascals, these jarveys. Side-splitting yarns they spin, merry quips they pass. Until with tears in your eyes when you quit the car you not only don't know, but you really don't care whether you've overpaid them by five shillings or not. But you're in Kerry. Doesn't the name itself suggest merry dances and piper's tunes? Bustle around the Purple Mountains, take your last look at Ross Castle, Muckross Abbey and the Tomies. Off by coach are we to Glengarrif. Haunting refrains from Moore's Melodies are here; Dean Hole and Old Thackeray penning his biting satire. A fudge for cynics! For we're at a haven of delicious beauty: an ideal spot for sport, or the "rest-cure," as the mood has you. Sub-tropical trees are there, and blossom you hardly recognise as "British." Isn't this gem of seaside towns just a miniature of loveliness, all grace summed up, and closed in little? And what of Valencia, Dingle, and Bantry Bay, and the host of them? Nought more we'll say to-day but that Ireland's "Playground country" is Kerry, and nowhere else.

Exploring

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In Northern Ireland, viâ Greenore and the London and North Western route, you "discover" anything and everything your sporting and artistic soul may yearn for, from products of Nature's crucible as the Giant's Causeway, shown in the picture, to salmon streams, haunts of brown and sea trout, and full pageantry of Castle and Abbey

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Would you have us dwell upon the glories of Brighton when the First Gentleman in Europe held high revel with his boon companions at the Pavilion? For ourselves we prefer to speak of the glittering, dazzling opulent city as she stands to-day. Constant round of amusement is there from one year's end to the other. Bands provide splendid music. Numerous open-air concerts and mirthful entertainment in plenty. Then, too, are numbers of golf courses in the vicinity, county cricket matches drawing big crowds, fine bathing facilities, fishing, steamer excursions along the coast. Beachy Head, that tremendous cliff dwarfing Eastbourne into nothingness is yet another of Sussex's many-sided qualities. And we have said nought of Tunbridge Wells, its miles of pines, its acres of ferns, its patches of golden gorse. Nor of Littlehampton, boasting the best fishing on the coast, fine links, regatta, tennis tournaments, and its famed sports meeting. Yet be it known these pleasant towns are all linked together from London by the smooth expresses of the Brighton Railway from Victoria.

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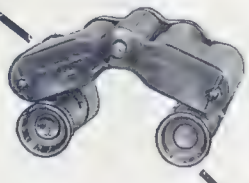

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WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued)

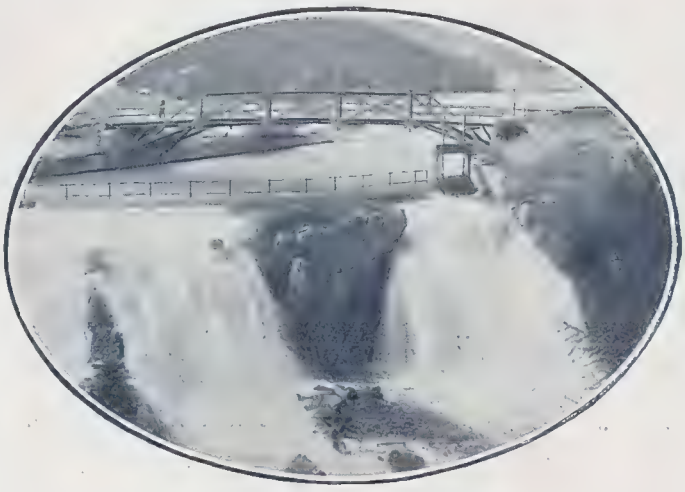
Pleasure-Seeking a Mile in the Clouds

Alpine Glories

There's no word conveying so much distinctive emotion as "impressive." That's the only one you employ on arriving at St. Moritz. Lofty peaks white with eternal snows greet you, glistening rivers of glacier-ice, flower-decked meadows, fragrant pine forests, shimmering lakes and noisy cataracts. You don't ask yourself twice on arrival why St. Moritz attracts more people each year, for the first huge reason you find is the scenery. By the next day a score of other reasons are discovered. The sports, embracing mountaineering, golf, lawn tennis, boating, fishing; and if you take your pleasure in late autumn, the wily chamois provides plenteous spoil for your gun. Other reasons are the climate, the famed springs, the wild animal life. Golden eagles and such great birds of prey swoop down into the valley; at rare intervals you hear the howl of the brown bear in the less accessible valleys. As for wild flowers, you will find them in no other spot in such profusion and brilliancy. They number almost every mountainous plant and blossom in Switzerland.

From Zurich to St. Moritz

A ceaseless panorama of mountain, valley, torrent, pine forest, and fir forest is the approach by the Rhaetian Railway. Yet this most delightful of journeys is over one of Europe's greatest marvels of engineering. The fascination of the country from Zurich to St. Moritz is one of those memories you hug and treasure. But whichever route you select, the voyage is vastly pleasant. In swift express trains the Swiss Federal Railway conveys you from the very end of its confines.



THE "ALPINE" HOLIDAY

This Waterfall on the River Inn is only one phase of St. Moritz' many-sided attractions. Of these, golf, fishing, tennis tournaments, regattas, hunting chamois, and mountains around, as the Bernina (13,304 ft.) and the Piz Palü (12,834 ft.) for climbers, are only a selection

And it's of large importance to know that fares obtain to suit the universal purse. Then, too, you can get out from London with practically every penny of your journey and accommodation paid before you start. Cook's Agency, the bearers of the magic carpet, arrange every item. You who have once been under their surveillance will seek to journey in no other wise, whether you travel to St. Moritz or anywhere else.

Sport of all Sorts

Bizarre and much accentuated links at Badrutt's Park are at your door. While the larger links of Samaden of compact turf and sporting hazards are within easy distance. Play continues until the end of September. Nearly every hotel has courts of its own for lawn tennis. Then polo is beginning to loom large, while a race-course is being laid out around the polo-ground itself. And on the lake regattas take place with refreshing frequence, this stretch of water being well-furnished with yachts motor, and row-boats. All this lengthy programme in a village one mile over the clouds.

THE "RESTFUL" HOLIDAY

Thun, by quiet old Berne, is another such Rip Van Winkle village as Washington Irving loved. Calm snow-peaks hedge it from the world, peaceful hay-barges roll across its lake; bullock waggons toil slowly through its crooked streets. "Rest Hollow," truly!

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued)

Camera Land

You may pack your camera for East Anglia in ripe anticipation of goodly spoil. For no more pleasant set of holiday pictures are there in this wide Britain. Miles of cliffs and perfect sands are there: busy harbours and fishing fleets, quiet old towns, sparkling modern resorts and yachting and golf centres, restful background of woods and broads, rural scenery dotted with castles, cathedrals, and notable landmarks in the story of England's making. Are not all these rich material for your album? Then sports and amusements and attractions are there among the twenty holiday resorts served by the Great Eastern Railway to suit all tastes and all pockets. Hunstanton, for one, sheltered by cliffs and screened by wooded country is an easy three-hour run of Liverpool Street. And if the town cannot boast Cromer's length of cliff, there could be nothing finer than the walk past the lighthouse to "Old Hunston," where great stretches of golden sand meet your eye at low tide. Sandringham, the King's Norfolk estate, Castle Rising, and Burnham Thorpe, the birthplace of Nelson, are all within easy journey. Brancaster links are but a short drive; and the fine eighteen-hole course of Hunstanton Golf Club runs for two miles along the shore.

Photograph *Photochrom*

THE "GOLFING" HOLIDAY

Cromer's Links, seen in the illustration, is one only of many in East Anglia. Express trains of the Great Eastern Railway bear you swiftly and smoothly to numerous others in the region, to name here only Sheringham (of tricky character), Mundesley and Overstrand

Arctic Reflection

But the great monarch of all the region, in spite of the new towns around of exotic growth, is old Cromer. Here, facing the very Arctic Circle itself, you can revel in the thought on hot summer days that the breeze beats straight from the ice-lands. Cromer's scarred cliffs have paid full toll to the wind and sea. Their jagged edges fall back in soft Devon-like slopes, as golfers know, to high pinewoods, giving an almost Christmas tree-like edge to the skyline. Behind is rural Norfolk; high-hedged flowering lanes hide away fields of ripening corn. And here and there glint the Dutch waterways of the Broads. When you have tired of the cliff-climbs, the woods, old parks, and the commons ablaze with gorse, there is a newer Cromer with pier and promenade awaiting you. Here are motor-cars and char-a-bancs, classical recitals, mixed bathing, golf, afternoon cricket, tennis, croquet, everything, in fact, down to evening concerts and cinemas.

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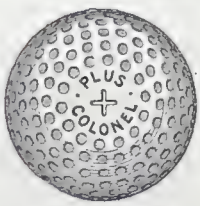

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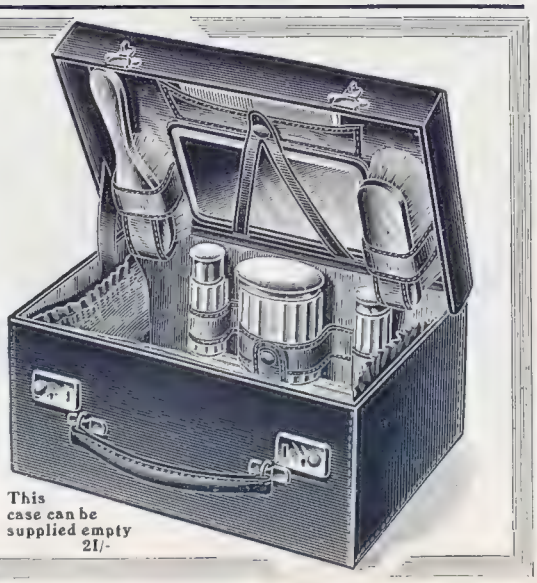


This case can be supplied empty 21/-

Ross's Ginger Ale undoubtedly adds to the agreeableness of life.

¶ Pour it briskly into a pint glass and notice its delicate bouquet—sweeter than the breath of the briar, the beaded bubbles bursting with fragrance at the brim, and the aroma of ginger stealing through all like the rich mellow notes of the 'cello in orchestral music.

ROSS'S
BELFAST
Dry Ginger Ale

¶ It is interesting to trace the history of this Beverage right down through the ages.

¶ The basis of its formula is a delectable Oriental *joysome* consisting of fruits and spices crushed with sugar cane.

¶ This delicacy was a great favourite in far eastern Royal Courts thousands of years ago, and there is evidence that it was known, at least in a modified form, to the Greeks in those happy days when a goat and a basket of Attic figs was as yet the prize in contests. It was certainly imported, in the fullness of perfection, into England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

¶ Doubtless, Shakespeare, Spenser, Sidney, Jonson, and other great luminaries of that age appreciated it—it touched them with poetic power.

¶ On festival occasions it was diffused through water, and in this form received many fanciful names all suggestive of Health, and Song, and the Mystic Moon.

¶ Long afterwards, the discovery of the effervescing principle of champagne by van Helmont, and the subsequent work of Priestley, Lavoisier, Black and others, turned men's thoughts to the production of sparkling non-alcoholic beverages, and appropriately enough, Ireland, with its lovely skies and pure crystal waters, became the centre of a great industry.

¶ Starting with a vision, the Messrs. Ross, Belfast, built a factory to protect and preserve their own artesian wells of peerless water. And very quickly, indeed, the name of ROSS became famous throughout the world in association with *the best non-alcoholic beverage* ever devised by man.

¶ Delicious fruits, fragrant spices, refined cane sugar, pure natural water, and the sparkling spirit of champagne—all brought together by the progressive skill of three generations of one family—produce, in Ross's Belfast Dry Ginger Ale, a beverage which must surely suggest a bunch of the choicest of *Time's roses*.

¶ Its purity and wholesomeness commend it as *the best beverage* for all those who have something to do in the world, and for the Home Circle when the day is done—it quenches thirst, charms away the feeling of fatigue, gives stamina, and convinces you that the end of the British Empire is not yet—not yet.

W. A. ROSS & SONS LTD., BELFAST

78

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (continued)

The Western Fairyland

Fairyland, you must know, is the enchanting coast of North Devon, renowned throughout the world for its romantic associations and scenic loveliness. On the East you have Lynton and Lynmouth, Exmoor, the country of the red-deer. On the West quaint Clovelly, immortalised Westward Ho! running flush with North Cornwall; while between a country of pretty villages amid hill and dale, meadow and moor, woven by the marvellous lanes of Devon, tiny fields rounded by tall hedges gives the landscape all the appearance of a gigantic kaleidoscope with colours blended in perfect harmony by Nature in her happiest mood. In fact, the whole region *is* Fairyland, and as such there could be no better place to forget everything else than the joy of existence. Especially attractive is Combe Martin to those who love a quaint resort. Torrington, on the London and South Western Railway, which line serves the whole district, boasts of its likeness to Jerusalem. Votaries of those pastimes of patience and skill, fishing and bowls, migrate annually thither in great numbers.

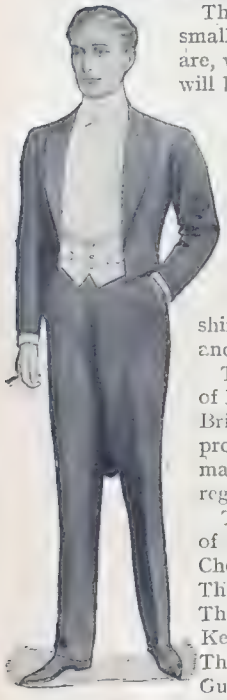
THE "COACHING" HOLIDAY

Combe Martin, the delightfully picturesque fishing village, is a very well-known port of call for the various coaches running throughout the length and breadth of the fair regions around. Immediately inland is the matchless Exmoor country

THE "FISHING" HOLIDAY

Like Combe Martin, Sidmouth offers fishing galore. Both resorts are on the London and South Western Railway. At Sidmouth, too, is golf in plenty and magnificent hunting

COMFORT and METHOD



There are a great number of people suffering from numerous small discomforts through the want of a little method. There are, without doubt, many men in various stations of life who will buy a shirt from one shop and a collar from another at such times as they need an extra one or two, perhaps to take away on a week-end holiday. These men must feel uncomfortable, as the size of the shirts and collars all vary. One shirt may be too long in the sleeve, and another with a neckband half a size larger than the collar, which has to fasten on to it. The trouble and annoyance is endless. But the man who goes to a specialist in shirt tailoring and orders half-a-dozen, or a dozen shirts to be built for him, and collars to fit the shirts, knows that he can always rely upon finding a shirt and collar to fit comfortably.

There is a shirt-maker in Birmingham—"MACINTOSH," of New Street, whose Customers are spread throughout the British Isles and in almost every country in the world. He, probably, has more Peers on his books than any other shirt-maker out of London. The following are a few names of his regular customers for whom he has made shirts for years past:

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12 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, stabling, garage, fine old barns, 4 cottages. Gravel soil. South aspect.

—Inspected and recommended by the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W.

SOMERSET AND DORSET BORDERS.

In the centre of the Blackmore Vale and close to Polo Grounds.

A **BEAUTIFUL REPRODUCTION OF THE TUDOR PERIOD.** 500ft. above sea level; superb views; South aspect; sand soil; perfect order; electric light, telephone, central heating.

BEAUTIFUL OAK PANELLED RECEPTION ROOMS AND OAK STAIRCASE.

12 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, fine oak panelled hall, 3 panelled reception and billiard rooms, complete domestic offices. CAPITAL MODERN STABLING; garage, farmery, 3 cottages.

ATTRACTIVE GROUNDS AND WELL-TIMBERED PARK OF ABOUT 39 ACRES.

Sole Agents: Messrs. WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil. Inspected and recommended.

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LOVELIEST PART OF BERKS (an hour from London). — The delightful old QUEEN ANNE HOUSE contains: 9 bedrooms, bathroom, hall, 3 reception rooms, etc.; stabling and cottage. PERFECT OLD-WORLD GARDENS, FOR THEIR SIZE PROBABLY THE MOST BEAUTIFUL IN THE COUNTY.

—Price for the Freehold and full particulars can be obtained from WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

A LOVELY OLD COURT IN A SOUTHERN COUNTY.

£5,000 WILL SECURE the above depicted highly attractive HOUSE, in splendid order, and containing: panelled lounge hall, drawing and dining rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; garage and stabling; choice grounds of about 6½ acres. About 2 hours' rail from London.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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Superb position, over 600ft. above sea level, with glorious views.

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All modern conveniences; electric light, radiators, etc.; lounge, 4 reception rooms, 13 bedrooms, bathroom, complete offices, old farmhouse, 2 cottages; well-timbered grounds of 16½ acres, practically surrounded by the Forest.—Full particulars of the Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, W.

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GRAND POSITION ON THE COTSWOLDS.

800ft. above sea level.

TO BE LET FURNISHED FOR THE SUMMER.
A GENUINE ELIZABETHAN HOUSE
full of
FINE OLD OAK BEAMS AND PANELLING.

7 or more bedrooms. 4 reception rooms; stabling, motor-house, cottage.

FINELY TIMBERED OLD-WORLD GARDENS.

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PRICE JUST REDUCED TO £2,500.
A BARGAIN.

SURREY (about 2 miles from Guildford).—Charming old HOUSE, with about 2 acres of beautifully timbered gardens; 7 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 halls, drawing room (24ft. by 20ft.), 2 other reception rooms, good offices; stabling for 2, garage.

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Deep sand soil. Really beautiful gardens. Lovely pine woods.

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FOR SALE AT A MODERATE PRICE.

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with all its characteristic features preserved yet in perfect order and with all modern requirements such as electric light, central heating and modern sanitation. **Great hall superbly panelled in old oak.** 4 fine reception rooms, 16 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, good domestic offices; stabling, garage; 3 cottages.

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Forecourt, terraces, formal garden, bowling alley, rose garden, lime walk, walled kitchen garden, orchard and well-timbered park.—Agents, WILSON and GRAY, 14, Mount Street, London, W., and Yeovil. Inspected and recommended.

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In a beautiful position, close to the river with right of access to private landing stage.
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CHARMING AND UNIQUE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY, known as "WITHDEAN GRANGE," NEAR BRIGHTON.

Within 10 minutes walk of open downs and 2 miles from sea: 4 reception, 7 bed, bath and ample offices. 6-ROOMED COTTAGE AND 5-ROOMED LODGE, and ample stabling. EXCEPTIONALLY BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, including tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, orchard (stocked with about 3,000 specimen fruit trees), extensive range of hothouses, and many fine specimen trees, in all about 4 ACRES. — HARRODS (Ltd.), will OFFER the above Property for SALE by AUCTION on JULY 7 next.

EXTERIOR SEA FRONT.

THE ISLAND OF COSTAERERS.—This imposing RESIDENCE, situate on the coast of Brittany. A CHATEAU OF PINK GRANITE, beautifully furnished and decorated: 10 bed, 2 dressing, 2 boudoirs, 4 reception rooms, complete domestic quarters; electric bells, central heating, and every convenience; lovely gardens; stables, garage and chauffeur's rooms; magnificent views, markets near.—Inspected and very strongly recommended. Further particulars of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.) as above. (F 10,391)

IN THE CENTRE OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S COUNTRY. SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR A SMALL HUNTING BOX. PRICE £900.

A CONVERTED FARMHOUSE some centuries old, known as "THE WHITE HOUSE," Dountsey, Wiltshire, with 3 reception and 6 bedrooms, various outbuildings; garden, orchard and 2 paddocks, in all about 4¾ acres.—HARRODS (Ltd.) will OFFER the above for SALE by AUCTION at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., in JULY.

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CORNISH RIVIERA (occupying a magnificent position with glorious coast views).—BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED RESIDENCE to be LET for 6 months or a year: 10 bed and dressing rooms, 4 reception, bathroom; stabling or garage. DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS OF 2 ACRES.—Further particulars of the Sole Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above, who have personally inspected and can thoroughly recommend this delightful little Property. (F 12,150)

PRICE ONLY £1,300.

A VERY CHEAP PROPERTY INDEED. SHOULD BE SEEN AT ONCE.

KENLEY, SURREY, 10 minutes from station and 35 minutes from London.—This unique little PROPERTY; square hall, 2 reception, 6 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 2 horses, coach-house or motor house. CHARMING WELL-WOODED GROUNDS OF 2¼ ACRES. —HARRODS (Ltd.), will SELL the above by AUCTION at an early date unless previously disposed of privately.

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Within 45 minutes by rail from London. "HIGHFIELD," STEVENAGE.

450ft. above sea level, with lovely views.

ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY HOUSE, containing: spacious hall, 4 reception rooms (including fine billiard room), 10 bed and dressing rooms; complete domestic offices: electric light; telephone; stabling, garage; 4 cottages; dairy farm; beautiful pleasure grounds, with lawns, old-fashioned walled fruit gardens, glass houses, and well-wooded park lands; in all about 51 ACRES,

with possession on completion. Golf links within easy reach and good hunting with two packs.

Messrs. ST. QUINTIN, SON and STANLEY will SELL the above CHARMING FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL ESTATE by AUCTION at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., on MONDAY, JULY 13, 1914, at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold by private treaty). Particulars, plan and conditions of sale may be obtained of Messrs. E., F. and H. LANDON, Solicitors, 53, New Broad Street, E.C.; Messrs. MEADE, BALMER and MEAD, Solicitors, 22, Red Lion Square, W.C.; and of the Auctioneers, 50, Threadneedle Street, E.C.

WEST COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT (on the sea front between the R.Y.S. Club and Egypt Point, overlooking the Solent).—To be SOLD, with possession, or would be Let Unfurnished, semi-detached MARINE RESIDENCE, with 3 reception and 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom and offices; main drainage; town water; electric light and gas. Leasehold. Ground rent £10.

PRICE £1,000. RENT £75.

RICHARD AUSTIN and WYATT, Estate Agents, Fareham, Hants.

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A HENRY VIII. MANOR HOUSE OCCUPYING A GLORIOUS POSITION HIGH UP IN A FOLD OF THE COTSWOLDS.

First-class hunting 6 days a week. 700 acres of shooting.

TO BE LET, FURNISHED (any period up to 3 years at a low rental).—This interesting old TUDOR HOUSE, replete with modern conveniences, with oak-panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, complete offices; stabling for 6, garage; delightful pleasure grounds, with fine old loggia, surrounded by beautifully timbered pasture and woodlands.—Inspected and strongly recommended as an exceptional Property by the Sole Agents, FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (197 F)

ONLY £3,500, FREEHOLD.

Gravel soil. Near golf. Trout fishing.

A GENUINE RED-BRICK QUEEN ANNE HOUSE with a perfect old English garden; within 1½ hours of London, in a beautiful rural locality.—An unique old-world PROPERTY, with oak beams, inglenook fireplaces: lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling, garage, cottage; beautiful gardens over 200 years old with massive yew hedges, fine herbaceous bordered walk and rose gardens, and productive kitchen garden. —Inspected and strongly recommended by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (5,671)

MUST BE SOLD, OWNER GOING ABROAD. A COUNTRY HOME FOR A CITY GENTLEMAN.

SURREY HILLS (700ft. up, magnificent scenery, within daily reach of Town, with excellent service of trains).—A beautifully appointed RESIDENCE, old-cottage style, with oak beams: 7 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception rooms, complete domestic offices; modern conveniences: acetylene gas; garage; 2 tennis lawns, pretty grounds.—Photos and particulars from FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. Inspected. (6,261)

FRESH IN THE MARKET.

OXFORDSHIRE (centre of the Heythrop country).—For SALE, under exceptional circumstances, this charming HOUSE and ESTATE of nearly 150 acres: 13 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, billiard room; first-rate and extensive stabling, 2 cottages; farmhouse and buildings.—Personally inspected and strongly recommended by the Agents, FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (6,349)

Just in the market. An exceptional bargain. Near yacht anchorage. Golf. Trout fishing, shooting, hunting.

NEW FOREST (on the outskirts of).—A compact RESIDENTIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ESTATE OF ABOUT 207 ACRES of first-rate pasture, arable and woodlands, including a delightful old House, with lounge hall, 3 reception and billiard rooms, 11 bedrooms; excellent water and gas; capital stabling, and well-arranged homestead, 4 cottages; pretty pleasure grounds. Farm stock by valuation optional. *No reasonable offer refused for immediate sale.*—Inspected and recommended by FEAR and WALKER, Winchester. (2,394)

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SOMERSET (in the best residential part).—To be LET or SOLD, a beautiful TUDOR RESIDENCE, standing in a well-timbered park. The accommodation comprises excellent suite of reception rooms, billiard room, complete domestic offices, with servants' hall, etc., 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc. All modern conveniences, including electric light, capital stabling, garage, lodges, cottages and farmery. Beautiful pleasure grounds, grandly timbered park, shooting. Moderate rent on lease, low price for freehold.—Particulars of the Owner's Agents, FEAR and WALKER, Winchester.

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QUITE A SHOW PLACE NOTED FOR THE EXCEPTIONAL BEAUTY OF ITS PLEASURE GROUNDS.

ON A SPUR OF THE COTSWOLDS ADJOINING FAMOUS GOLF COURSE.

THE ABOVE BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND WHITE RESIDENCE.—Lofty lounge hall, 4 magnificent reception, billiard, bath, 17 bed and dressing-rooms; main water, gas, modern drainage; picturesque entrance lodge, 3 cottages; small farmery; notoriously beautiful pleasure grounds and park lands, in all 30 ACRES.

BARGAIN PRICE, £6,500.

AN EXCEPTIONAL BARGAIN.

SUSSEX (convenient for the coast and only 1¾ hours from town).—Choice little RESIDENTIAL ESTATE. PICTURESQUE OLD RESIDENCE, containing old oak panelling, etc., lounge hall, 3 reception, 2 bath, and 7 bedrooms; charming grounds, with tennis court, 1½ acres of woodland, and excellent well-timbered pasture-land,

50 ACRES. PRICE, £3,750.

2 cottages, large motor garage; excellent buildings; golf. Personally inspected. Strongly recommended.

FRESH IN THE MARKET.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS (near; 1 hour from town; 300ft. up, 'midst lovely country).—The above depicted beautiful

OLD BLACK AND WHITE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE,

in perfect order throughout; containing magnificent old oak beams and panelling, and surrounded by

LOVELY OLD-WORLD GROUNDS,

with stone-flagged terrace, etc., and well-timbered pasture-land. 16 ACRES (more land adjoining up to 50 ACRES can be purchased). 12 bed and dressing rooms: large lounge hall; bath; full-sized billiard and suite of three reception rooms; large motor garage and stabling; Company's water; light soil; telephone; new drainage; hunting, golf.

MODERATE PRICE.

—Full particulars of this unique property of the owner's agents, F. L. MERCER and Co., as above.

DEVON.—Glorious situation near the coast, commanding most beautiful views.

THE ABOVE GENTLEMENS' RESIDENCE contains 10 bedrooms, bathroom, 3 reception, lounge hall, excellent offices, etc.; gas; gravel soil; modern drainage; beautiful pleasure grounds; tennis lawns; orchard, and about **23 Acres of pasture-land. Fishing, Bathing, Shooting, Golf. Hunting.** Excellent stabling and garage with rooms over.

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In consequence of the decease of Major-General T. S. Bigge, C.B., J.P.

BRICKET WOOD, HERTFORDSHIRE.—In the country of the Old Berkeley (East) and Hertfordshire Hounds, between Watford and St. Albans, about 1 mile from Bricket Wood Station on the London and North-Western Railway, and 3 miles from the City of St. Albans. THE LYE HOUSE ESTATE, a particularly attractive Freehold Residential Property, comprising a superior old-fashioned Residence, containing: 2 entrance halls, billiard room, 5 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms and offices; good stabling and coachman's quarters and excellent gardens and grounds; a small well-timbered park, together with a farmhouse and buildings and several enclosures of pasture-land, embracing altogether about 85 ACRES. There are in addition 4 cottages and a small plot of building land at Bricket Wood Station.

HUMBERT and FLINT are instructed to offer the above for SALE by AUCTION on WEDNESDAY, JULY 15, 1914, at the Mart, Tokenhouse Yard, E.C., at 2 o'clock (unless previously sold privately). Particulars and plans may be obtained of the Auctioneers, Messrs. HUMBERT and FLINT, 11, Serle Street, Lincoln's Inn, W.C., and Watford, Herts; or of Messrs. SOAMES, EDWARDS and JONES, Solicitors, Lennox House, Norfolk Street Strand, W.C.

ESHER, Surrey.—Charming FREEHOLD RESIDENCE: Large garden, 3 reception rooms, 8 bedrooms, and usual offices; main water and drainage; room for garage, and near golf links. Close to Sandown Park Racecourse. PRICE £1,500.—Apply EDWIN EVANS and SONS, 253, Lavender Hill, S.W., and Westminster, S.W.

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NEAR GODALMING.—An exceptionally charming and sumptuously appointed RESIDENCE: fine entrance and lounge halls, 3 magnificent reception, bath and 12 bedrooms: LOVELY OLD GROUNDS, woodland and pasture-land.

10 ACRES.

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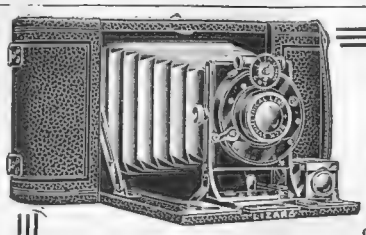

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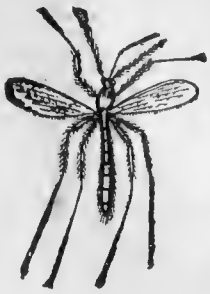

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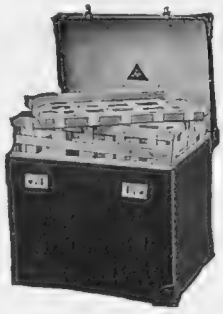

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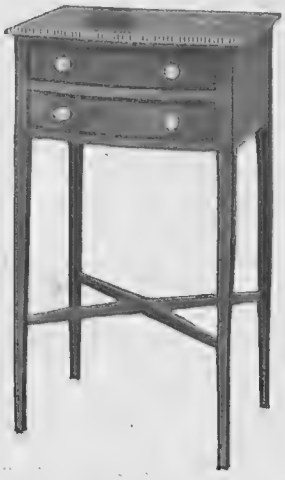

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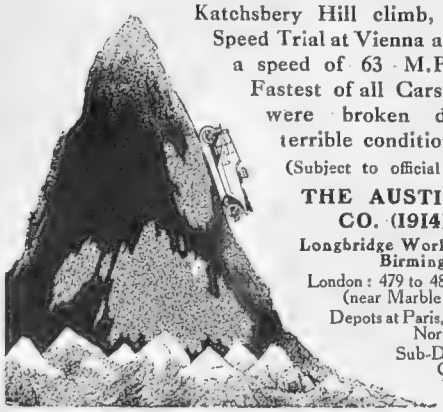

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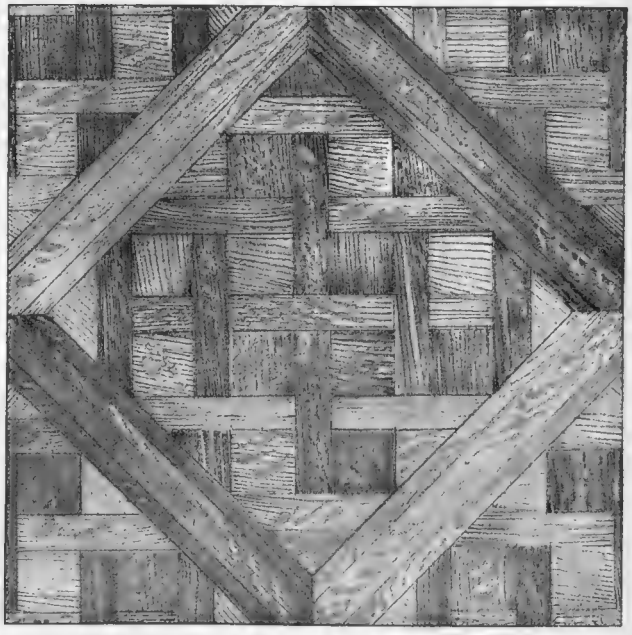

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A VIEW OF THE COURSE AT HENLEY REGATTA BETWEEN RACES

BY THE EDITOR AT SEA

P. AND O. *ss. Mantua.* LEITH—BERGEN

THE whole of the English year being now a holiday season, perhaps it may seem a trifle absurd that this issue of July 8 should be termed a Holiday Number. We make holiday, it is true, in July; but so we do all the other months. We have summer holidays durating (as it were) from June to October inclusive: then we run an autumn holiday season (shooting, hunting, etc.) up to round about Christmas. Then our Winter Holidays (ski-ing, skating, etc.) until February, or thereabouts, followed by the "Spring in the Sunny South" Season, which gives place in turn to that furiously active spell known as the London Season, a period which, if it is not yet a holiday, is rapidly becoming one. So shirky is the attitude of Society in general to its social duties that nobody does them save, as the *Times* recently pointed out, as an escape from other duties.

* * *

We ought to have explained all this on the cover, but the young ladies who have chosen to bathe on it this week leave the barest possible space. . . . I mean, they take up all the available room. So it has to be said here instead.

* * *

July, despite Henley and the call of the river, Sandown, Goodwood, a Court, a few dances, a garden party or two, and the last gasps of the opera, is a holiday month. The rush to get away before the rush grows so much greater each year, that August bids fair in the course of time to be the month in which we shall all rush to get away *after* the rush. Which sounds involved; but, then, when one is writing one's BYSTANDER Comments aboard a steamer in the middle of the widest part of the North Sea, one has some sort of right to be involved. The mind gets involved aboard ship: it acquires depth and breadth and greyness, and rises far above such workaday things as the obligation to be clear. Besides, why should one be clear in a Holiday Number? The holiday-making public who may read what is written have nothing else to do, and can give much more time to the study of the text than they can in the ordinary course of things. It is a positive benefit to them if a writer gives them something to puzzle over.

* * *

The conventional idea that the public mind on a holiday needs rest is a fallacy. It is the one time of the year when it gets really working: the only time when it is inclined to busy itself, and is particularly critical as to what it reads. We choose our holiday literature with at least as much care as we do our holiday resort itself, and our holiday companionship—and that is very carefully indeed. True, those who have just had to fall in with the family programme may also have had to bow perforce to whatever the bookstalls may throw at it to read. But there are many others besides these nowadays, when enterprise has brought within the range of a month's tour the extreme north, the extreme south, the extreme east of Europe, and, in the west, America. We can Alp ourselves, Fjord ourselves, Bosphorize ourselves, and anybody who says that, while on our way to do any of these excellent things, we are a senseless, feckless crew hasn't studied us at first hand.

* * *

Speaking for myself, I selected my holiday literature with a care that had something uncanny about it. The bookseller, who knows me normally as a spasm on the snatch, looked uneasy when he saw me spend no less than half an hour before his shelves, and alarmed when he saw the books I had chosen as the result. "Holiday reading?" he said, nervously, as he did up the parcel, "A queer mixture." "One *feels* queer on a holiday—and likes one's companions mixed."

* * *

One never knows what mood may not seize upon one, and it is necessary to provide against emergencies. True, in the ordinary way, a book about the upper reaches of the Amazon River would

Photograph *Poole*

HOW TO KEEP COOL—

A charming portrait of Viscountess Duncannon, [illegible]est son and heir of the Earl of Bessborough, looking delightfully cool in the garden at Bessborough, Co. Kilkenny

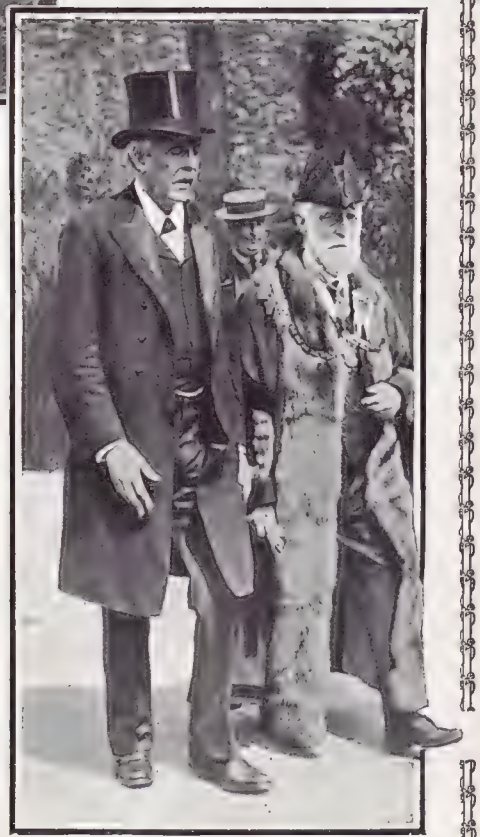
not interest me at all, but I am glad I brought it. It does now because one has lost the sense of time and space, and the bigger and the remoter a subject is the better one likes it. Similarly the little handbook on metaphysics, and the new edition of the "Attis, Osiris, Adonis" volume of the "Golden Bough."

***

Then, as a counterblast to these, we take the light stuff, so-called, and we don't even take that lightly. We weigh up what we are buying in the light if possible with even greater care than what we buy in the heavy. Bad jokes are never less endurable than when we are on holiday and have time to look into them and to recall their probable antecedents and ancestry.

***

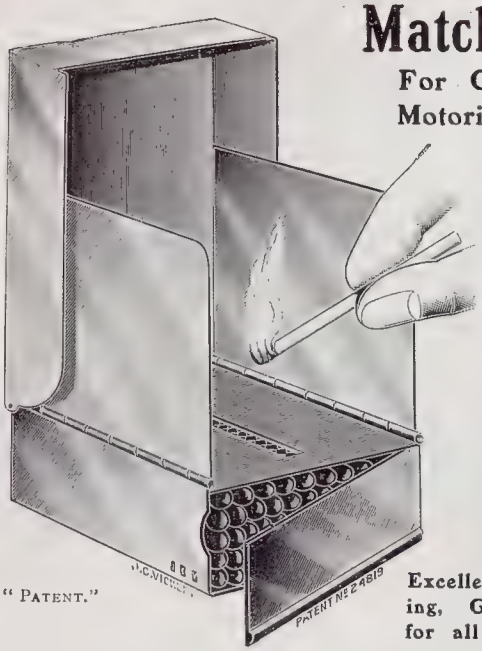
And in conversation, do we talk drivel? Not . . . likely! Drivel is all very well when it is some dance or show in town, where you're passing the moment with a stranger for the first, and, you expect, the last time. But on a holiday, the stranger you are talking to may lie for weeks in your path—for months, for years, perhaps—who knows?—for ever. So your opening remark is chosen with the care of a lead at bridge, and before you've been at it for half an hour you have got to the root of whatever each is capable of. You say very nearly what you think, and in the course of saying it you discover how very different what you think on a holiday is from what you say you think in the ordinary daily life. You find your politics aren't in the least what you profess them to be, that your views on theology and occultism and art and philosophy as expressed with your eyes



—AND HOW NOT TO

Mr. Balfour, after receiving the freedom of the city of Hereford last week—which he thoroughly deserves for wearing a top-hat and frock-coat in an atmosphere of 90 deg. or thereabouts in the shade!

Vickery's New Wind Screen Match Box



"Patent."

For Golfing, Motoring, etc.

(PATENT)

enables one to obtain a light easily in the **strongest wind.**

Size $2\frac{5}{8}$ by $1\frac{1}{4}$ closed.

Sterling Silver, **£2 17s. 6d.**

Electro-plated or polished lacquered brass, **£1 17s. 6d.**

Excellent for Motoring, Golfing, and for all Sportsmen.

A Gold Cigarette Case for £4 10s.

Exact size of illustration, goes nicely in waistcoat pocket, double row holding 10 cigarettes

Every Smoking Requisite in Gold, Silver and Leather.

Pipes, Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Boxes, Smokers' Tables and Companions, etc.

Golf, Tennis, and Croquet Prizes.

The finest selection of Novelties in London for Gifts of all kinds. You are invited to call or send for Catalogue.

J·C·VICKERY
177 *to* 183 REGENT ST. LONDON W.
Their Majesties' Jeweller, Silversmith & Dressing Case Manufacturer.

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¶ Ripolin Paint is ready mixed for use, and can be obtained in 100 shades.

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If you wear a

STETSON

at Ranelagh, Lord's or Goodwood, you wear the best hat it is possible to have. Tasteful in shape, they invariably impart a tone and distinction to the wearer. Compare a Stetson with other makes and note the finish—a superiority due to the high quality of the fur and great skill in manufacture.

London Showrooms:
13, Edmund Place, Aldersgate Street, E.C.

The World's Best Hat

WHERE SHALL WE MAKE HOLIDAY? (*concluded*)

The Business of Climbing

Until you spy out the goodness of the region as a climbing-centre for yourself it will always seem somewhat of a mystery to you that the best of the world's climbers had their training in the Lake District. Yet probably no other corner of Europe affords so full a variety of difficulty and genuine peril as is crammed compactly into Cumberland and Westmorland. Your thumb on a map of the district will almost cover Scafell-Pike Helvellyn, and Skiddaw, to name only three peaks. And each of them is an Alp in miniature, with full-blooded excitement for the climber, almost from the path where the high-road is left until summit-cone. Helvellyn has taken its full toll in lives. And you may meet climbers who vow there is more genuine thrill in its ascent over the Striding Edge than that vouchsafed in the three dreary days of snow-walking in the conquest of Mont Blanc herself. Impossible it is to treat adequately here of the wondrous choice of climbs awaiting the enthusiast. No sport is more delightfully engrossing than mountaineering hereabouts. None demands so wide and varied qualities, strength, agility, endurance, patience, aye, and more patience. There is no joy to equal the conquest of a mountain, no fatigue mingled with such riot of glad emotion. By means of the Furness Railway the whole wealth of charm of the region is bared to you: fantasies of lake, forest, and mountain, the magic of the sea, everywhere rich incomparable scenery!

THE "YACHTING" HOLIDAY

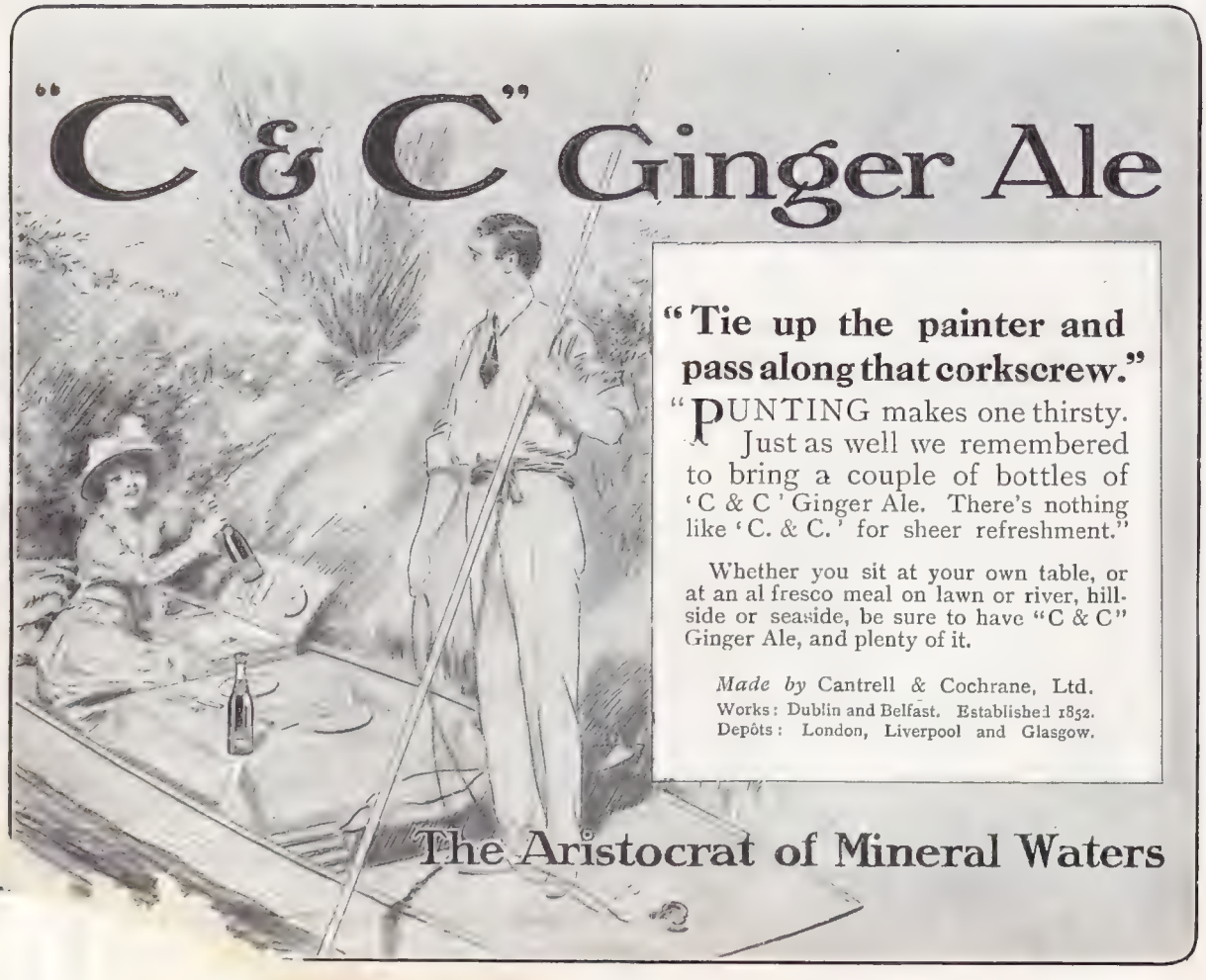
Yachts of all kinds and variety skim the placid waters of Windermere. Steam yachts of the Furness Railway, running in conjunction with their attractive tours, motor-yachts, sailing-yachts, and rowing-skiffs, fill the scene with colour-tone. Regattas are of frequent occurrence

Old Scotia's Romance

And now we're off again, this time to the Highlands. By Midland Railway we journey thither. They have made an especial appeal to our material comfort *en route*. Daintily served luncheon and dinner, every detail perfect in relation to comfort of travelling. And what a journey this is! Through Burns' country, and Scott's country, by Mauchline, rich in association of the former, where, indeed, he married his "bonny Jean," rich in association of the latter writer in many a romance. On to Glasgow in double quick time. Through the Kyles of Bute to Arran and a dozen other primitive Scotch islands and villages. From Glasgow, too, you have but a short ride to Loch Lomond, for the Trossachs, and Scotland's richest storehouse of scenery. If you are not in seasonable time to bring down a stag or two, or land a big salmon, good sport is there in plenty throughout the year.

Down pen! On with the Wishing Cap! *Where* shall we make holiday we asked? *When* is the only question remaining for solution, not *Where*.

MALCOLM SAVAGE TREACHER



Skegness—An Ideal Summer Resort

Photograph] SKEGNESS FROM PIER [*Wrate*

THE dry bracing air, firm golden sands, and safe bathing make SKEGNESS an ideal family resort. There are numerous beach attractions, pier and promenade. The two excellent 18-hole golf courses are close to the shore, have good greens and many natural bunkers. The accommodation is good at reasonable charges. Local excursions at cheap fares.

Send post card to Superintendent of the Line (Dept. B.S.), 3, York Road, King's Cross, London, N., for ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET, gratis.

Fares from King's Cross (G.N.R) every Wednesday for 8 days, 8/-, and every Saturday for 3, 8, 10, 15 or 17 days, 15/-. Week-end 20/- first class 10/- third class.

NORTH SHORE GOLF LINKS

SKEGNESS SANDS

LUMLEY

BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

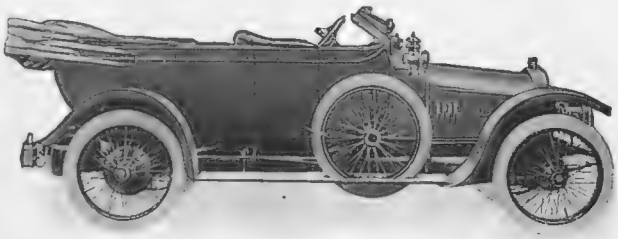
STRAKER-SQUIRE

The World's Best 15-20 h.p. Car.

LATEST BRILLIANT SUCCESSES:

In the recent Tourist Trophy Race, Isle of Man (600 Miles) the STRAKER-SQUIRE secured 4th place, being the only other British Car to complete the course—22 cars started but only 6 cars finished.

THE STRAKER-SQUIRE chassis used in above was of STANDARD DESIGN.



15-20 h.p. Straker-Squire, 1914 Model, Four-seater.

CAERPHILLY HILL CLIMB. June 25th.
Class 7. **1st** on Formula, also Fastest Time } Open event.

PORTHCAWL SPEED TRIALS. June 27th.
1st on formula in Class 8. Open event.

BROOKLANDS MIDSUMMER MEETING.
2nd in 17th 100 M.P.H. Handicap.
2nd in June Private Competitors' Handicap.
3rd in June Sprint Race.

STRAKER-SQUIRE (1913), Ltd., 75-77, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

The beauty of the
SIZAIRE BERWICK

is not simply a matter of outward appearance. The Sizaire-Berwick *is* a beautiful car to look at, one of the most beautiful on the road, but what we wish to emphasise especially is the hidden beauty of the car's mechanism. Flexibility, silence, power, smooth running: these are the all-important qualities, and qualities which the Sizaire-Berwick displays with unfailing consistency.

One model only: 20 h.p.
Various types of bodywork.

F. W. BERWICK & Co., Ld.,
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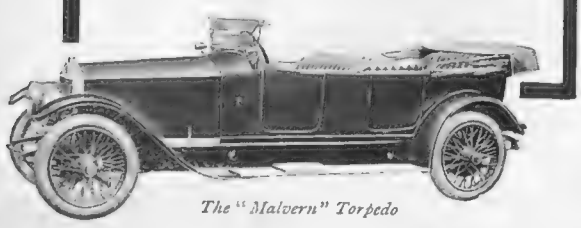
Tele. "Berickars, London." Tel. 1149 & 3259 Gerrard



The "Malvern" Torpedo

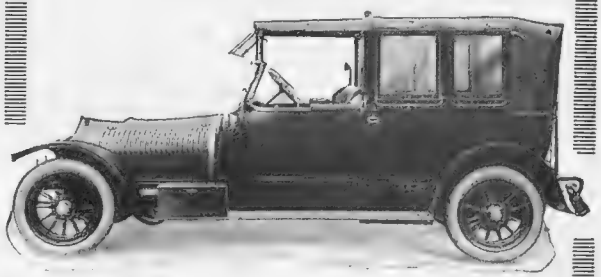
Stateliness

of that degree which embraces the highest nobility of grace and refinement is one of the most distinguishing features of

HOTCHKISS

design. He would be a captious critic indeed who could deny the Hotchkiss claim to beauty.

And mechanically the car is as perfect as the world-famous engineering house of Hotchkiss can make it.



The more time you spend in inspection, the more closely you examine and test every detail of the car, the better we shall be pleased. In the meantime we shall be happy to send you a fully illustrated descriptive catalogue of every Hotchkiss model, on receipt of your name and address.

London and Parisian Motor Company, Ltd.,
87, Davies Street, London, W.

Motoring by Land, Sea, and Sky

By ALEX. J. M. GRAY

Photograph *Miss Tevan*

TOURING IN KENT

Admirably depicted in the above snapshot of a typical roadside scene at Froghalt, near Hythe

A Rolls-Royce Triumph

A WORD concerning the results of the Austrian Alpine Trials, results which I regard as vastly more valuable than those of the Tourist Trophy. When I wrote last week these results had not been announced. Now they are, and we know definitely that out of that drastic test of men and machines the Rolls-Royce, driven by Mr. Radley, has emerged with a highest possible. Even for a Rolls-Royce the manner of its running, its climbing power, its amazing speed, came as something of a revelation. Radley led cars of twice the nominal power of his own vehicle practically all the way, and finished ahead of all other competitors. It was a wonderful performance, and far better than one has a right to expect, even from the Rolls-Royce. The human factor entered in, a human factor almost as perfect, as such, as the Rolls-Royce is perfect as a machine. Car and driver together share a great triumph.

***

Some Other Achievements

The Vauxhall, too, did quite well, and its makers have no call to be other than bucked at the going of the car. Neither have the makers of the Austin and the Armstrong-Whitworth. Both worthily upheld the honour of the flag's industry, and in some of their performances were not one whit less brilliant than the most brilliant. Similarly the Cadillacs. None of these scored winning marks, nor, for that matter, did the tiny 10-horse Singer, the success of which must rank, among the British contingent, immediately after the Rolls-Royce. This little vehicle—a light car, a very babe in power and size—did every climb, often at a speed that overtook mammoths of ten times its power and proportions, covered the whole of a desperately arduous course, and came in at the finish strong and well considerably in front of its time-table. The most serious of its complaints appear to have been little more than sooted plugs. Altogether a splendid testimony to its engine-power and efficiency, and not less to its splendid constructionalstrength.

A SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER CAR IN INDIA

One of a fleet of Noiseless Napiers owned by H.H. the Nizam of Hyderabad. The car has a specially long wheelbase, and by reason of its superb springing and luxurious appointments it is a great favourite with his Highness. Surrounding the car is a herd of four elephants, three of them being exceptionally fine animals

***

A Vastly Important Trial

I regard this trial as vastly more important than the Tourist Trophy Race or the Grand Prix, which will also be finished by the time this sees cold black print, because although a dreadful exaggeration of the normal conditions of car touring, it did try almost (quite in some cases) to breaking-point, all those qualities which the average man regards as important in his car. True, it made no pretence of securing economy of running, which is a very large figure in the sum of the ordinary man's motoring, but it did secure a demonstration of structural strength, gearing for widely varying conditions, suspension, hill-climbing power, cooling, and

A FINE ARRAY OF HILLMAN CARS

Representing one week's deliveries of the 9 h.p. variety of these excellent two-seater cars. Those who are good at arithmetic will be able to make a computation as to the numbers delivered in a year. If numbers are indicative of quality, the Hillman must be a notable light car. Judging not on figures but experience, we know the Hillman IS a notable light car

lubrication, while calling upon the car to run all out over a great distance. Coachwork and load also had to approximate to the normal. In short, this trial was as strenuous a test as a pure-speed race could apply, plus the handicap of highly magnified road difficulties such as, in miniature, the workaday car must encounter. The cars that did exceedingly well in this trial deserve all the applause they get and all the more material recognition they deserve in the market.

***

Unauthorised Speed Limits

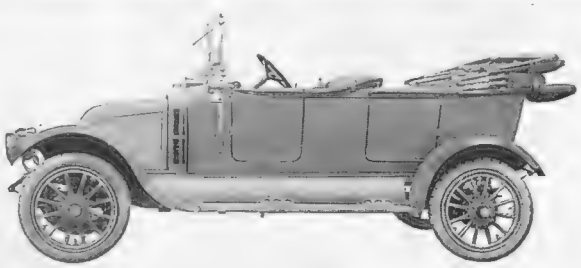
The tendency on the part of local authorities to take the law into their own hands and to fix their own speed-limits without reference to the L.G.B., in which powers for the purpose are solely invested, has been nicely arrested by the prompt action of the Arresting Authority of motordom, which is the A.A. Local Councils with an inflated idea of their undoubted almightiness, or the reasonable authorities (and they are in the majority to-day, I think) who erect misleading signposts through want of adequate thought, may rely upon the early receipt of one of those characteristically courteous A.A. communications which generally end in an amicable rearrangement that secures the desired result from the motorist's point of view without hurt to the standing and dignity of the local body. Sweet are the uses of diplomacy.

***

A Desirable Two-Seater

Commend you the Oakland two-seater for its quite notable turn of speed and quite remarkable powers of acceleration. Add a native

20 h.p. SINGER 2-seater, 1912/13 model, in perfect condition as new. Dynamo, electric light, hood, screen, detachable wheels, all accessories. Fast, quiet, and economical car, exceptional hill-climber. Trial run and inspection in London by appointment. Owner giving up motors. Price, £350.—Box S, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.



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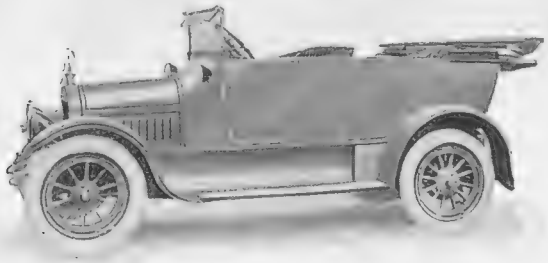
Arrol-Johnston

DEVELOPS greater actual power than many higher-rated cars—and costs less to run.

COMPLETE with 4-Seater Body, Acetylene Head Lamps, Paraffin Side and Tail Lamps, Horn, Detachable Wheels, Spare Wheel, 5 Dunlop Tyres, Cape Cart Hood, Folding Wind Screen, **£285**

ARROL-JOHNSTON
LTD., DUMFRIES



20-30 White Petrol Torpedo.

For prompt delivery, £610 as illustrated.

With equipment, including Kopalapso one-man hood, two-piece adjustable screen, the

WHITE ELECTRIC MOTOR-DYNAMO SELF-STARTING OUTFIT

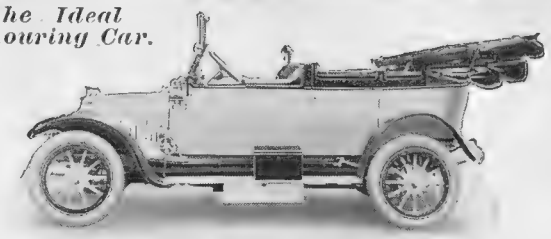
with all lamps and head-lights complete. Klaxonet horn, Warland dual rims, A. T. speedometer, and all small extras and accessories.

Ready for the road, **£610.**
Send for our new Catalogue.

White-Coleman Motors, Ltd.

Carlow Street, Camden Town, London, N.W.
(A few yards from the Mornington Crescent Station of the Hampstead-Charing Cross Tube.)

The Ideal Touring Car.



THE ADLER
with the
MORGAN
Cabrio-Landaulette.

Instantly and easily convertible into either a fully open or completely closed car or a half open car.

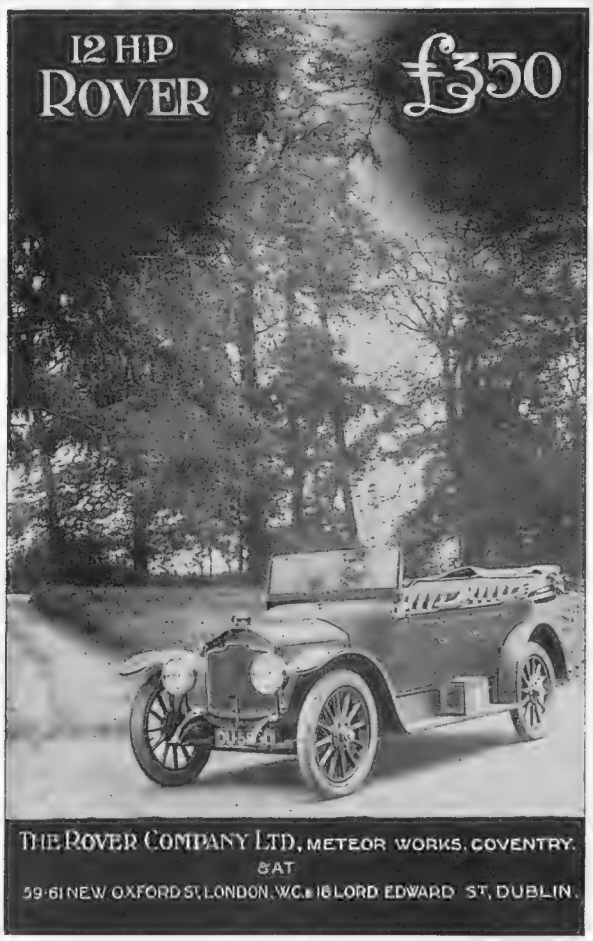
The 9 h.p. 4-cyl. Morgan-Adler Carette

The Best Light Car on the Road.

Has earned Highest Honours in the London-Exeter, London-Land's End and London-Edinburgh Runs.

Morgan & Co. Ltd

127, LONG ACRE, W.C. & 10, OLD BOND ST. W.



THE ROVER COMPANY LTD, METEOR WORKS, COVENTRY.
&AT
59-61 NEW OXFORD ST, LONDON, W.C. & 16 LORD EDWARD ST, DUBLIN.

O.S.
SPEEDOMETERS

You always know at what speed you are travelling when your car is equipped with an O.S. There is no uncertainty and no guess-work.

THE O.S. SPEEDOMETER CO.,
1, KING STREET,
ST. JAMES', LONDON,
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Telephone: REGENT 5470 (6 lines).
Telegrams: "OSPEEMETER, LONDON."

distinction of line and the amplitude of its comfort which has properly been made a very important feature, and you have in the result, a most desirable vehicle for traffic work or the great gay road.

THE OLD METHOD OF TRANSPORT AND THE NEW

A team of oxen in Valparaiso with, in striking contrast on the left of the picture, an Arrol-Johnston car, much used in that part of the world

***

The Value of R.A.C. Certificates

Rushmore Lamps, Ltd., commenting upon the value of R.A.C. certicates, rightly, I think, argue that said value would be enormously increased if the car or accessory to be tested were handed over to the R.A.C. without conditions so that the Club could test it, solely and without interference, from the point of view of the needs of the private motorist. There may be some objections to that course, but generally the suggestion is a good one, and if any such request were made (the Rushmore Company state they are offering for just such a test one of their 6-volt electrical engine-starting equipments) the R.A.C. could only refuse to accept it by making the implied admission that it was not a truly representative body on the technical side, and, therefore, did not know what the requirements of the private motorist were.

***

A 5,000 Mile Test

Still further to demonstrate the super-efficiency of plantation rubber for motor-car tyre purposes and to cheer any faint hearts among shareholders in plantation rubber concerns, the North British Company, famous for its plantation rubber Clincher tyres, has just set a 60 h.p. six-cylinder Napier car off on a 5,000 mile trip throughout Great Britain under R.A.C. observation. This would be a very bold adventure if the North British Company had any very considerable dubiety about the tyres' qualities, but as the 5,000 mile R.A.C. test of the Napier car, recently

14 h.p. HUMBER, 1914, delivered in April, guaranteed perfect condition, not run 1,000 miles, does about 30 miles per gallon, painted stone-grey. Complete hood, screen, dynamo, electric light, self-starter. Seen and tried by appointment; owner moving, must sell. Price, £360, cost £404.—Box H, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

THE TRIPLEX SAFETY GLASS CO., LTD.,
1, ALBEMARLE STREET, PICCADILLY, W.

Telephone: 1340 Regent.

Vauxhall

The Car Superexcellent

An unmistakable air of elegance and refinement distinguishes the Vauxhall Motor Carriages.

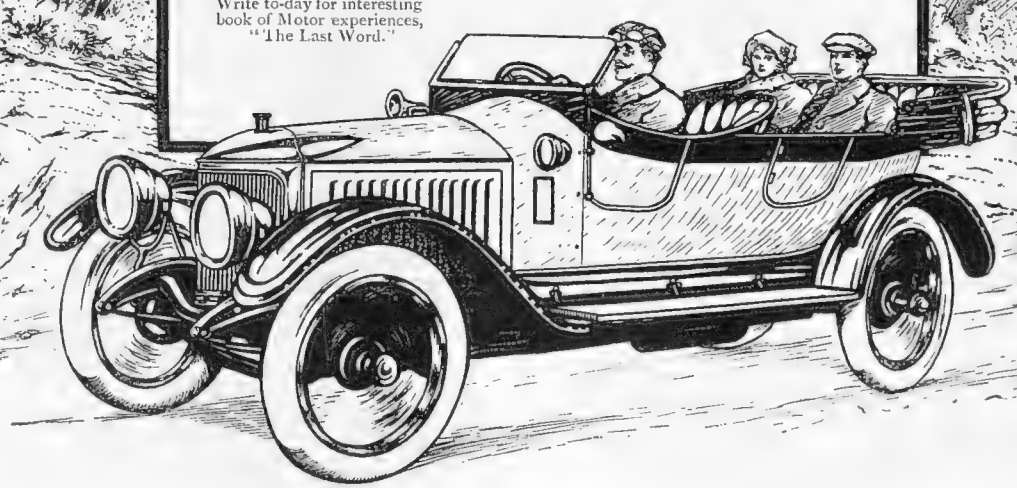
They are luxurious, without being flashy; sumptuous, and at the same time wonderfully efficient.

Each of them looks like an athlete in a dress suit, and moves with an ease and smoothness which inspire perfect confidence.

VAUXHALL MOTORS, LTD.,
174-182, Great Portland St, London, W.

Telephone: 3955, 3956 Mayfair

Write to-day for interesting book of Motor experiences, "The Last Word."



concluded, very definitely indicated, Clincher tyres are things to conjure with for durability. More of this test afterwards.

***

Symbols of Success

"Coachwork by Cole" is almost as common an entry in high-class car catalogues as "Wigs by Clarkson" in theatre programmes. Coles (W. and Sons, of Hammersmith Road) have just issued a brochure in colour showing something of what they can do. If the body of your own old 'bus is rather frayed and otherwise impaired by time and weather, a contemplation of these picture bodies is calculated either to make you cross with your chauffeur or to balance the pros and cons of the pass-book.

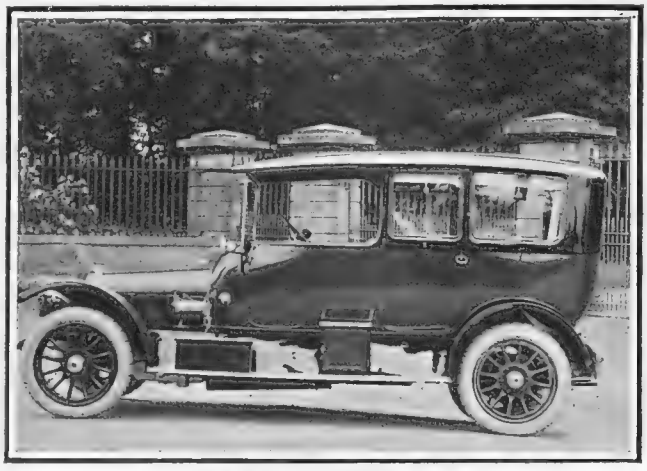
***

The Talbot

There is no keeping pace with Talbot successes in competition. A car that goes out and takes nine trophies in an afternoon is incorrigible. The only way, if the records are to be perpetuated in brochure form, seems to be to print a periodical booklet. The one just issued covers the merry month, and includes a number of illustrations of Talbots snapped in the act of scalp-snatching. Free for the asking.

The "King"

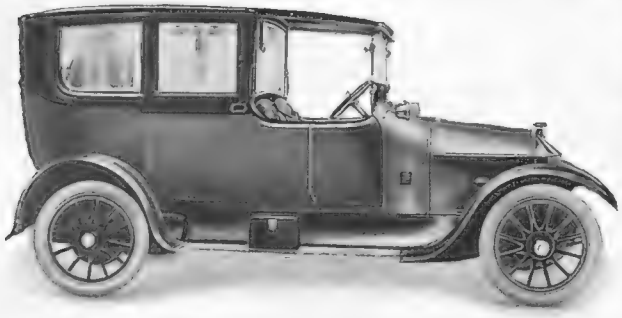
From Montevideo Mr. D. R. Bankier sends an expression of satisfaction concerning the running of his King car. He asks if this make of vehicle has met with any success in England. It has hardly had time to make any great showing yet, because, I believe, it has been here only a little while. But mechanically (although its 25 h.p. is on the high power side from a British point of view, and that must necessarily act as a deterrent to large sales) there is no reason why "the car of no regrets," as they call it at home in Detroit, should not make very good on this side. The engine is a nicely balanced, powerfully constructed job, and its equipment as sold in this country impresses by its sufficiency. In addition it has the advantage of being in the hands of a very highly respected firm of coachbuilders in Salmon and Sons, who can make all there is to be made out of the chassis possibilities for bodywork. Here they are featuring an all-weather body, which combines the advantages of an enclosed town carriage and an open touring car. Finely finished with Captain detachables, an eight-day clock and heaven knows what besides, and in all respects ready for the road. this car comes out at £490. Mr. Bankier says "they are good strong cars well suited for the bad roads out here owing to their cantilever springs." That cantilever suspension is one of the points of appeal about the King.



A 16/20 H.P. SUNBEAM CAR
Recently supplied to Mr. Alfred Bird, M.P. for West Wolverhampton. The car is fitted with a limousine body

The KLAXON is a necessary adjunct to every motor-car—as necessary to the safety of the public as to the safety of the motorist. Please send for booklet.—THE KLAXON COMPANY, LTD., 1, King Street, St. James's, London, S.W.

Why not buy a car embodying features that will be commonplace in five years' time? You can secure these now if you purchase a Cadillac.



Silence is the keynote of the MIESSE CAR—on any gear.

FLEXIBILITY, Reliability, Economy of Petrol, Low Cost of Upkeep, Simplicity of Drive, and Lightness on Tyres are its outstanding features.

Two Models only:
15-20 h.p. and 20-30 h.p.

1914 Brochure on application.

Sole Concessionaires:
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J. MIESSE ★ BRUXELLES ★

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The First in Favour because the Best in Practice — More light at lighter cost, and No Trouble

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The Rochet-Schneider Car

"The 6-cylinder 28-37 h.p. Rochet-Schneider has one of the liveliest engines we have ever sat behind, and the chassis is in accord." Mr. Gordon-Haytor in THE CAR ILLUSTRATED.

The epitome of elegance efficiency and economy

Showrooms 124 SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, W
Garage and Repairs:
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and 149, LUPUS STREET, S.W.
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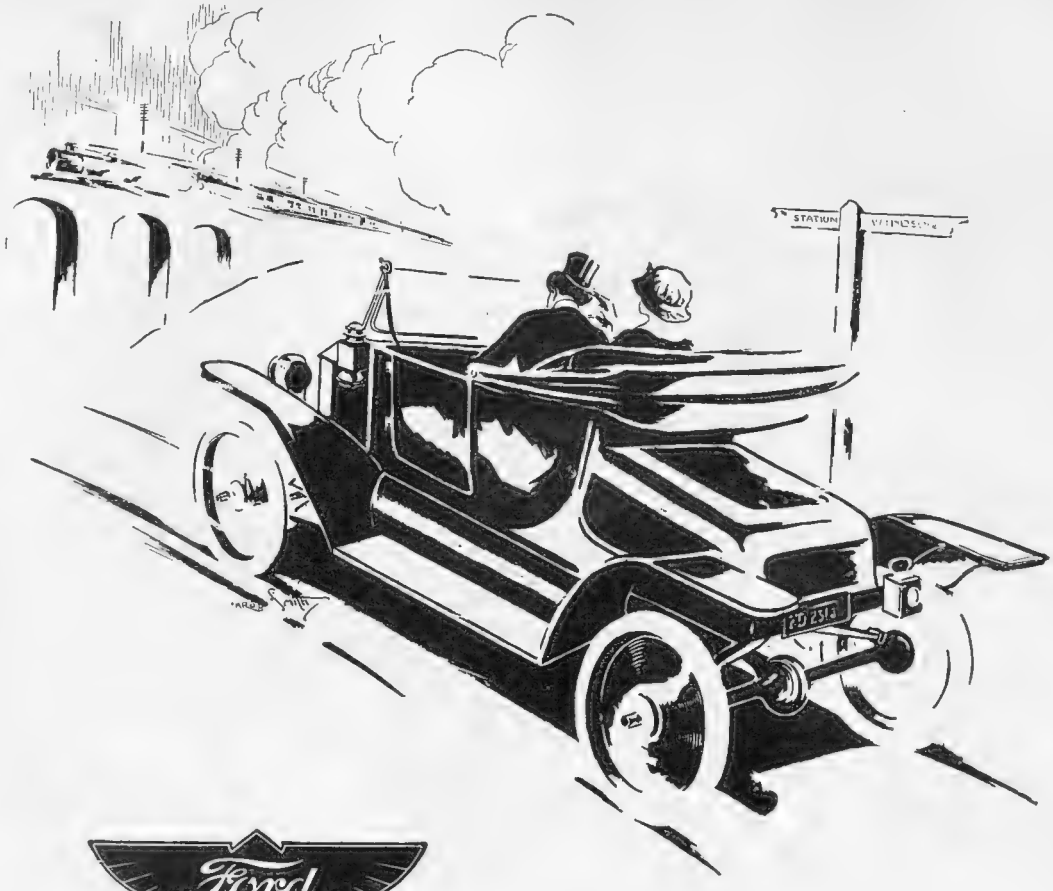

Ford
THE UNIVERSAL CAR

For station and runabout work; for the sportsman; as a lady's car; for shopping alike as for the light-hearted tour, the Ford two-seater is equalled in service by few other cars and bettered by none. In economy of first cost and running cost, the Ford has no competitor in its own power and service category at all; yet there are more titled, distinguished and wealthy owners of Ford cars than of any other make.

Prices (at Works, Manchester), Two-Seater £125; Touring Car, £135; Landaulette, £180; all fully equipped. FORD MOTOR CO. (England) Ltd., Trafford Park, Manchester, and 55-59, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

SELLING AGENTS EVERYWHERE.

RACING : Summer Doldrums. BY CARBINE

Reaction After Ascot

We are now in what may fairly be described as the summer doldrums of racing. There is plenty of sport, but the high-level of Ascot makes much of the fun seem very tame by comparison. Moreover, it has been too hot lately to become very excited. A large number of English people were in France for the Grande Semaine, and they have brought back glowing stories of the exciting race for the Grand Prix. I am told that George Stern and Frank O'Neill rode superbly in that race. It was one of the most thrilling struggles ever seen on the French Turf. Unwise people who wrote after the Newmarket Guineas that Stern had lost his form and that O'Neill was no wonder must now be feeling rather small. The truth is that these jockeys are in a class of their own, and now that Maher and Frank Wootton are no longer riding there is no horseman in this country to compare with them—more's the pity.

Pleasant Newmarket

The King was present for the first three days at Newmarket, and, as his father before him did, seemed thoroughly to enjoy the quietude and unconventionality of the meeting. The opening day's sport was one of the tamest I have ever seen at Newmarket—but who wanted very exciting racing on such a glorious day? I for one was quite content to chat with my friends in the cool Plantation between the races, look at the horses, and then stroll to the rails to see the contests. It was all very enjoyable, with not too many heart-throbs during the racing. Roseland cantered away with the July Stakes with supreme ease, and I daresay that he is the best of the two-year-olds seen out so far, though Let Fly, Lady Josephine, and the King's Friar Marcus dispute that distinction with him. I hear, however, that one or two youngsters yet to be seen out will be too good for those we now think to be cracks.

This Week's Sport

If the best of the two-year-olds who are entered for the Champagne Stakes at the Bibury Club meeting on Thursday are brought out we shall have a race well worthy of the journey to Salisbury. Friar Marcus is engaged, but I question whether he will be quite himself. The coughing which so inopportunely attacked him on the eve of the Ascot meeting is likely to have an effect upon the King's colt for some time to come. Probably Lady Josephine will be brought out for this event, and I am inclined to stick to this unbeaten filly until she is beaten. Let Fly is also entered, and this Ascot winner is a wonderfully attractive colt, but I shall make **Lady Josephine** my selection. The Hurstbourne Stakes on Wednesday may be won by **Silver Ring.** There will be a pleasant meeting at pretty Lingfield Park at the week-end. My selections are **Roseworthy** for the Lingfield Park Stakes on the first day and **Scotch Rose** for the Great Foal Plate on Saturday. The next really big meeting is the Eclipse at Sandown Park, which promises brilliant sport.

Stability

EVERY client receives the red leather-bound Racing Diary and Guide. Write for it and full particulars of terms to-day

JULY RACING

SWIFT as the fleet-footed horses the season sweeps round. July is here with Old Sol up and going merrily. Lovers of the Racecourse are not allowed to repine at thrills now past. There are many, many more to come.

SANDOWN PARK AND GOODWOOD,

and a dozen other tip-top meetings, offer sport in plenty. When you have decided what you will do in any of these events, place your business through the House of Gant. The latest tape prices are accepted and guaranteed on all future events.

Your pleasure and fortune are sound reasons why you should avail yourself of the security which this old-established House affords its sporting clientele.

Deal with the House of Gant, and if your luck is in, you will be paid promptly by cheque—in a private name to ensure the transaction being kept strictly confidential.

D. M. GANT

TURF ACCOUNTANT

41 New Bond Street, London, W

NO MORE SUPERFLUOUS HAIR.

How to kill and permanently dissolve out roots and all.

Reader explains how to prepare and use at home the simple new absorption process by which she avoided danger and pain of the cruel electric needle. Why prescriptions, appliances, acids, lotions, and similar remedies should be avoided.

To the readers of "The Bystander."

At a recent medical conference held in Paris, numerous eminent physicians cited cases which prove beyond doubt that since the discovery of a new and simple absorption process superfluous hair has become as unnecessary as it is repulsive. It was also explained how electrical processes always stimulate hair growth, how pulling with tweezers, and how acids, caustic pastes, and other worthless remedies only affect surface hair, which soon grows again.

Then the distinguished physicians told how anyone can now prepare and use at home a simple liquid which immediately creeps down through hairshaft (just as oil creeps up a lamp wick), dissolving hair as the liquid is absorbed. Thus the entire hair structure from socket to root and papillæ may be dissolved out of existence, so there is nothing to grow again. The liquid acts only upon hair, and is harmless to the most delicate skin and tissues, as a test will quickly prove; but the liquid must not be allowed to touch desirable hair, as I know of no way to restore life to roots thus destroyed.

A reader kindly tells in this article how she killed the roots of her superfluous hair by a simple home absorption process, after the electric needle, acids, pastes, &c., had all failed.

When I see daily so many women with perfect features who would be radiantly beautiful were it not for hideous growths of ugly hair upon lips and chin, I always wish I could tell them how easily they could recover their natural heritage of delicate feminine charm and attractiveness.

I shall, therefore, be only too happy to send literature in regard to the preparation and use of the marvellous liquid explained at the conference which it was my privilege to attend. If any woman reader of THE BYSTANDER cares to send me her name and address, plainly written, together with a penny stamp for return postage, I shall be pleased to send in plain sealed envelope full particulars without charge of any kind, so women readers can use the new process in the strict privacy of their own boudoirs. Have correspondence brief as possible, and do not write to thank me after hair is destroyed, as my time is greatly limited. I can agree to answer but one person in each family, and correspondence will be considered strictly confidential.

K. B. FIRMIN,

(Suite 1255K) 133, Oxford Street, London, W.

ELLIMAN'S

READ page 1. of the Elliman R. E. P. Booklet, 96pp., illustrated, which accompanies bottles of Elliman's Universal Embrocation for Human Use. 1/1½, & 2/9. also
READ page 1. of the Elliman E.F.A. Booklet, 72 pp., enclosed in the wrappers of bottles of Elliman's Royal Embrocation for use on animals 1/-, 2/- & 3/6;

Elliman's added to the bath.

Elliman's added to the hot or cold bath makes a silky and antiseptic bath. Experience will show the amount to be added to make the bath agreeable and comforting; from 1 to 3 ounces, according to the size of the bath, is recommended. Added to the hot bath after severe exercise it prevents stiffness. Elliman's added to the hot foot bath is useful to prevent chill from feet being damp. Elliman's may also be used with advantage after heavy walking, for the purpose of dispersing that tired uncomfortable feeling which so often results, and in which case either hot water or cold water may be used for the purpose of washing the feet. Bathing the hands in hot water with Elliman's added is also beneficial when damp gloves have been on the hands some time, through driving. *When there is Eczema or other skin disease Elliman's should not be used.*

EMBROCATION

ELLIMAN, SONS & Co., Embrocation Manufacturers, Slough, England.

BENGER'S

The particular and important feature of Benger's Food is that it can be prepared to suit any degree of digestive power. It contains in itself the natural digestive principles which act during the cooling process just before it is finally heated for serving. As the weak stomach of baby or invalid begins to strengthen by the assimilation of the food, a gradually increasing amount of digestive work can be left to it, thus giving the advantage of a *regulated* exercise of the digestive functions.

Benger's Food is sold by Chemists, &c., everywhere.

An interesting booklet explaining how Benger's Food "assists Nature," for Invalids and Convalescents free by post from

BENGER'S FOOD, Ltd., MANCHESTER.

Branch Offices—NEW YORK (U.S.A.) 92, William St. SYDNEY (N.S.W.) 117, Pitt Street.

Canadian Agents—National Drug & Chemical Co. Ltd. MONTREAL, and branches throughout Canada.

"Retained when all other foods are rejected."

136

"Cyclax" Wins—at Ascot

All the most beautiful women at Ascot this year were devotees of the celebrated "CYCLAX" Preparations for the Skin.

The perfect texture and exquisite beauty of the skin produced by using these Preparations has long been acknowledged the marvel of the 20th Century. They render the skin impervious to CLIMATIC CHANGES and neutralize the effects of perspiration. They ASSIST NATURE and DEFY TIME, and ensure PERFECTION OF CONTOUR.

This unique preparation possesses marvellous soothing properties. The skin absorbs it as a plant absorbs water. It cleanses the pores, builds up the flesh so that lines and wrinkles disappear, and protects the skin from exposure. Price 4/- and 7/6.

"Cyclax" Skin Food

ADDLESTONE.

"SHE has never had anything half as good for her skin as the "Cyclax" Skin Food. Till she got it her nose was always skinned when motoring in winter and also in summer with the sun, but since using it she has never had any trouble at all."

For permanently removing double chin and restoring the lost contour of the face caused by drooping muscles. Removes flabbiness under the chin. Price 6/6.

"Cyclax" Chin Strap

BLACKHEATH.

"TO begin with, I think I am wonderfully improved. I always put the Chin Strap on, and the improvement is wonderful."

A face powder of exquisite fragrance, and so fine as to be practically *imperceptible*. It gives a peach-like surface to the skin, and is not affected by heat. As it is also antiseptic, it neutralises the effects of perspiration. Price 6/6.

'Cyclax" Face Powder

HEATON MOOR

"YOUR delicious "Cyclax" Powder keeps my skin fresh looking for several hours. Your preparations are very dainty and delicious to use. The preparations I have had from the "Cyclax" Co. have been so delightful"

SPECIAL TREATMENTS

are arranged for the "Cyclax" Patrons at the Private Salons of the celebrated Specialist who originated these famous Preparations. At these beautiful rooms, which are situated above the department for the public sale of the "Cyclax" Preparations, there is a note of success pervading everywhere.

There throng daily, Royalties, celebrated actresses, and beautiful women of renown, who make a point of visiting this country especially to place themselves in the hands of this most gifted expert.

A large staff of Experienced Assistants specially trained in all the branches of this department are available and can be sent to private residences on application. The treatment is unlike any other in the world, and even after one sitting every patient expresses the keenest delight and satisfaction.

The amount of impurity removed from the skin in one sitting must be seen to be believed, and a short course always makes a miraculous transformation. Lines and depressions are quickly dispersed.

Double chins disappear, wrinkled throats become firm, eyes regain their youth, in fact, the general effect is one of perfect health and beauty, as the skin **breathes** being **quite clear** from clogged pores.

The contour of the face and neck becomes perfect, and the whole treatment is most reasonable. There are no vibrators, which execute such devasting work on beauty, as they loosen muscles that should be tight and over-develop others. Confidently we recommend a course of treatment, as it has **never failed** to give every satisfaction, being entirely a different treatment to any other known method in the world.

Send for Mrs. Hemming's invaluable book entitled "The Cultivation and Preservation of Natural Beauty," containing unique suggestions on Hygiene, Figure and Skin.

THE "CYCLAX" COMPANY, 58, SOUTH MOLTON STREET, LONDON, W.

These preparations are also obtainable at Harrods', Selfridge's, Whiteley's, &c., and from all Chemists and Stores throughout Australia (Wholesale: Rocke, Tompsitt & Co.); South Africa—Lennon Ltd.; New Zealand, Kempthorne, Prosser & Co's. New Zealand Drug Co., Ltd.

A TONIC

and Hair Restorative

IF your hair is lacking in lustre, loosing its colour and becoming grey or falling out, it is a sign that it requires a tonic. Mayzone de luxe is a cleansing, invigorating and restorative preparation which enjoys the recommendation of the leading lights in the medical profession throughout the world.

Mayzone de Luxe

Obtainable from all good Chemists and Stores, or post free from the Proprietors.

The Mayzone Co., Rock Ferry, Cheshire, and 48, Brook St., New Bond St., W. Also at Calcutta, and Bombay, India.

Price **7/6** per Bottle.

MAYZONE CO., 48, Brook Street, W.

TOPAS PEARLS

are acknowledged by Experts and the Press to be the finest reproductions in the world to-day, possessing the exquisite lustre, beautiful orient and identical weight of the real.

Compare before paying high prices elsewhere. We defy anyone to produce a better or nearer approach to the genuine Pearls than ours.

Beautiful Necklets of Topas Pearls with gold clasp,
£2 0 0 £3 0 0 £4 0 0

Genuine Diamond Clasp with Topas Pearl, ruby, sapphire or emerald centre, from **£2 0 0**

Topas Pearl Rings, Earrings, Studs and Scarfpins in artistic settings of 18-carat gold, from **21/-**

TOPAS, 38, OLD BOND ST., LONDON, W.

Femina Facts, fancies & fashions

ABOUT SILHOUETTES AND SUMMER SALES : BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Rapidly Changing Silhouette

EVEN those who are only the least interested in the doings of *La Mode* must be remarking the change that is coming about, and speedily, moreover. When one looks back over even a few months it is difficult to reconcile what was being worn then with present vogues. Personally, I think there is no question of the greater elegance of the new modes. As to the long tunic, that grows more alluring every day. In those charming striped *linon de fils* the full long overdress is the prettiest thing imaginable. The only slight defect at present is the necessarily slim underskirt, which is necessary to acquire the correct effect. But if that is kept short enough, just barely covering the ankle, one's movements are not really very much impeded.

The first picture I have selected for the week rather emphasises this curtailment. It is a scheme for taffeta, black or navy, the tunic gauged several times about the hips, while the coatee is lined with white charmeuse, and it is worthy of remark how this is drawn in at a quite normal waistline by a folded *ceinture* of the silk.

Bargains in Abundance

So will the path be strewn at Harvey Nichols on and after the 6th until the 31st, with remnants marked down half price on Thursdays and the last three days. Dipping into an advance illustrated catalogue, the eye is caught by the tempting offer of many exquisite original models that will be going for considerably less than half price, and some dance frocks for young girls positively marked down to 30*s*. Originally 5 gns., there are a limited number of the daintiest flowered *voile* frocks, clearing at 25*s*. 6*d*., and some capital white linen skirts at 8*s*. 11*d*.

Harvey Nichols having had a record season with blouses, are disposing of their entire surplus stock irrespective of value, including good quality white silk shirts and hand-embroidered French slips. Positively unparalleled bargains likewise rule in tailored sports coats of the latest shapes, a few slightly shop-tossed evening wraps being marked down at a quarter the original price, and all furs purchased during the sale will be stored free of charge.

So much for wearing apparel, whereas fully as worthy of attention are the furnishing fabrics and carpets

Photograph] A TAFFETA COSTUME [*Reutlinger*

Schemed for black or navy, the tunic gauged several times about the hips, while the coatee is lined with white charmeuse, and drawn in at a quite normal waistline by a folded ceinture of the silk

during the clearance. Chintzes and cretonnes are to be picked up at amazing prices, such as 1*s.* 0½*d.* the yard, instead of 2*s.* 3½*d.* for a lovely rose and basket chintz, and 9¾*d.* for a sweet pea design in natural colours, a shilling having been marked off the first price.

Hair Waves

Truly we live in stirring times. Here is the great and far-famed Marcel wave rendered absolutely permanent for the time of life of each individual hair growing on the head. Then, when the new, and it is said inevitably thicker, straight growth puts in an appearance there are other short and unique devices for bringing that also into the wavy line. Thus, in brief, is the Marcel Syntonic permanent hair-waving process, representing the efforts of a corporate body, composed of inventors and authors of great repute, experienced hair specialists, and artists, together with scientific men of marked ability and the highest distinctions.

Photograph] A DISTINCTIVE HAT [*Reutlinger*

In black taffeta, with four light strands of paradise set at sharp angles a little to one side of the front. This style also looks extremely well carried out in tulle or aerophane

Syntonic Treatment

This Syntonic treatment actually induces straight lank hair to expand and contract, which is the characteristic of naturally wavy or curly hair, and subsequent to the treatment the usual test is applied of a thorough shampoo. And the wave, when it is conjured into being under the influence of this remarkable discovery, is as natural and beautiful as the original Marcel wave produced by tongs. Furthermore, by special patented means of graduated manipulation each individual quality of hair is attacked differently and according to requirement.

Proof of the efficacy of the process and the esteem in which it is held is provided in the increasing application for licenses to use it, for, needless to say, the method is strictly patented, while those desiring to learn more of the Marcel permanent waving can get full information from 534, Oxford Street, or the registered offices, 14, Bathurst Street, W.

Convince yourself with "Marcel's" famous permanent Wave

Permanently NATURAL Wavy Hair

in one sitting, no matter how limp, straight or greasy your hair is now

Marcel's original improved Patent "Syntonic" Permanent Hairwaving for YOUTHFUL & CHIC Hairdressing &c. &c. &c.

famous treatment gives satisfaction to Ladies & Children

Marcel's 534 OXFORD ST. & MARBLE ARCH W.

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Charges 5/ Per Curl

Children Half Price

On your head within one hour.

Consultations and Advice Free.

PERFECT balance and absolute trueness. There you have two sterling qualities of the new "Mills" Putter. Try one! Take it on the green next round and note with what ease and *confidence* you can tackle the most difficult putts.

'Mills' Patent Aluminium Putter

Send for our interesting booklet, "Hints on Putting," free on request.

THE STANDARD GOLF CO. Atlas Works, Sunderland.

SILVERMAN & Co.

LADIES TAILORS HABIT MAKERS

UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.

LATE OF VIENNA.

GREAT SALE of 4 Guinea COATS and SKIRTS

Our Specialité.

Very Chic Tailored costumes exquisitely cut in the latest and exclusive designs.

COUNTRY & FOREIGN ORDERS receive Mr. Silverman's personal attention

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The Late COLONEL J. I. WESTON, also the properties of
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HIGH-CLASS MODERN AND ANTIQUE FRENCH AND ENGLISH FURNITURE, PERSIAN AND OTHER CARPETS, SILVER, SHEFFIELD PLATE, RARE OLD GLASS, OIL PAINTINGS, ENGRAVINGS, Etc.,
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Any Article may be had separately, and, if desired, CAN REMAIN Stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be PACKED FREE AND DELIVERED OR SHIPPED TO ANY PART OF THE WORLD.

ENTIRE FURNISHINGS OF 96 BEDROOMS,

Including Suites by Gillow and other eminent makers, in Satinwood, Silver Ash, White Lacquer, Mahogany, and other woods in styles of Empire, Adams, Sheraton, Chippendale, Heppelwhite, Jacobean, Louis Seize, etc., ranging from £2 15s. to 500gs.; Several really well-made and Finished SOLID BEDROOM SUITES, comprising Roomy WARDROBE, enclosed by bevelled edge robing mirror, DRESSING CHEST, with drawers fitted under, and large mirror over, WASHSTAND, fitted with drawers and cupboards, TOWEL RAILS and CHAIRS, all to match, being offered as low as £3, being less than one-third original cost, and well suited either for hotels or private residences; the BEDSTEADS, with Spring Mattress complete to match the Bedroom Suites, 15s EACH; LARGER SUITES in Inlaid Mahogany of Sheraton design, 7 GUINEAS; and Choice WHITE LACQUERED BEDROOM SUITES at £8 15s.; Solid Figured GOLDEN ASH BEDROOM SUITE, made by Gillows, and consisting of 6FT. WIDE WARDROBE, fitted with drawers and trays, enclosed by large Bevelled Edge Robing Mirror, PEDESTAL DRESSING TABLE, 4ft. wide, fitted 9 drawers and 4 jewel drawers, WASHSTAND, 4ft. wide, fitted with 3 drawers and 2 large cupboards, PEDESTAL CABINET, TOWEL HORSE, and 3 CHAIRS, complete 16 GUINEAS.

DINING-ROOMS, RECEPTION, SMOKING, AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Fine Quality Real TURKEY CARPETS in perfect condition, from £3 17s. 6d.; large Real TURKEY RUGS to match, 17s. 6d.; 24 SOLID MAHOGANY DINING-ROOM CHAIRS, with spring upholstered seats, covered leather, 10s. each, EASY CHAIRS to match, 25s. each; Handsome Solid MAHOGANY SIDEBOARD, 6ft. wide, made by Weston and Gill, £6 10s.; Solid Mahogany DINING TABLE, extending to about 12ft., £5 10s.; 9 Exceptionally fine SOFTLY SPRUNG CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, some covered morocco leather, with loose down cushion seats (part removed from the Imperial Services Exhibition), from 35s. each, with LOUNGE EASY CHAIRS to match, from 15s.; Fine QUEEN ANNE DESIGN DINING-ROOM SET, complete if taken in one lot, 18 GUINEAS; or can be had separately as follows: The Elegant SIDEBOARD, 5ft. wide, perfect condition, £6 15s.; SET OF EIGHT CHAIRS, including 2 Carving Chairs and 6 smaller to match, £7 15s.; Round Extending DINING TABLE with extra leaves, £4 10s.

A Complete JACOBEAN DESIGN DINING-ROOM SET exceptionally well made and finished, for 13 GUINEAS the lot, or can be separated; Important 7 FEET WIDE CHIPPENDALE DESIGN SIDEBOARD, 28 GUINEAS, with Magnificent WINE SARCOPHAGUS to match, 12gs.; IMPORTANT SET OF CHIPPENDALE DESIGN CHAIRS, with exquisitely carved frames, upholstered morocco leather, 55 GUINEAS (connoisseurs should inspect); IMPORTANT CHINESE CHIPPENDALE DESIGN 8 FEET WIDE SECRETAIRE BOOKCASE, 100 GUINEAS (would suit collector); the CHIPPENDALE ROUND DINING TABLE, extending to 14ft. long, with Elaborately Carved Claw and Ball Legs, 18 GUINEAS; 4 GRANDFATHER CHIMING CLOCKS, Several Old English CHIMING BRACKET CLOCKS, from 2gs., in perfect order; Mason's Iron Stone China and other DINNER SERVICES, Choice DESSERT SERVICES, Old Flint and other SETS OF TABLE GLASS, a complete Set of over 100 Pieces, finely etched, being offered at £5 10s.; Complete CANTEEN by Eminent Makers, containing Cutlery by Mappin and Webb, Elkington, Rogers, etc.

DRAWING-ROOMS,

in Empire, Louis Quatorse, and Louis Seize Styles, comprise CHESTERFIELD SUITE of 7 pieces, covered Silk and beautifully spring upholstered, 12 GUINEAS; Several very Fine CHESTERFIELD SETTEES, 6ft. 6in. long, £4 15s.; Softly sprung EASY CHAIRS, 35s.; Elegant Carved and Gilt LOUIS XIV. SALON SUITE of 7 PIECES, Spring-upholstered throughout, and covered with choice Silk, 12 GUINEAS; Carved and Gilt Tables, Cabinets, Wall Mirrors, Jardinières, and Footstools. A very Fine Collection of Boule and Inlaid Tortoiseshell Cabinets, Tables, Writing Cabinets, also Vernes Martin painted French Commodes, Writing Bureaux, Encognieurs, Pedestals, etc. An Exceptionally fine Selection of Decorated Satinwood Furniture, very beautifully painted by Signor "Fernandez," with Medallions and Garlands of Flowers, etc., including a lovely Satinwood Pianoforte, the Whole Lot to be SOLD Without Reserve.

Over 1,200 CARPETS of every description, including a quantity of Art Woollen Bedroom Carpets in useful sizes, from 5s. each.

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Business Hours: Open every day, Nine to Nine, except Saturdays, when we close at One. Telephone 3472 North.

Grand Prix, Diploma of Honour and Gold Medals, Paris Exhibition, 1912.

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Grand Prix and Gold Medals, International Exhibition, Rome, 1912.

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Summer, with all its glories, is far from being an unmitigated joy to those who suffer from a tender and sensitive epidermis. True, there is a certain charm about some complexions that take the attention of King Sol becomingly in a warm rich tan. But for one skin that comes out in this way nine are subjected to all sorts of ills, ills as trying as they are disfiguring.

Nothing short of protective measures will prevent that miserable irritation frequently caused by sunburn, or wind, nor the ugly peeling-off of the surface skin. And this desirable protection is provided in the Cyclax "Blended Lotion." This preparation is precisely a blending of that excellent sunburn lotion and Salusta lotion, both well-known Cyclax preparations, and the effect of its application is both nutritious and protective. In fact, the Cyclax "Blended Lotion" may be said to be the very best of stand-by summer friends, and no holiday outfit should be without it.

Photograph *Charles*

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SKIN SOFT AS VELVET.

Bottles 2s. 3d. and 4s. 6d., of Stores, Chemists, and ROWLAND'S, 67, Hatton Garden, London.

The Menu: Summer Luncheons

I

* Salmon à la Maître d'Hôtel
* Fricandeau of Veal with Spinach
Stewed Red Currants and Raspberries
Junket
Cheese Fritters

II.

* Russian Fish Salad
Roast Shoulder of Lamb with Peas
Caramel Pudding
* Spinach Omelette

III.

* Eggs and Spaghetti
Filet de Bœuf Napolitaine Potato Chips
Fruit Salad
Roes on Toast

Salmon à la Maître d'Hôtel

Procure the middle cut of salmon, divide into half-inch slices, and then mix on a plate two tablespoonfuls of salad oil, a teaspoonful of salt and pepper, and turn the slices of fish in this on both sides. Broil for five minutes on each side. Place in a very hot dish, spread maître d'hôtel butter over them (butter mixed with lemon juice and chopped parsley). Garnish with fresh parsley, and serve. Cucumber thinly sliced and dressed with oil and vinegar should be handed.

Fricandeau of Veal

Trim neatly a nice piece of fillet of veal, place in a stew-pan a layer of slices of bacon, some carrots and onions cut into slices, with a bunch of sweet herbs, pepper, salt, and spices to taste, lay the piece of veal in the middle, and moisten it with a pint of stock. Let the meat cook gently for three or more hours, basting the top occasionally. Then strain off the gravy, and put it into a small saucepan, thicken it carefully, flavour with a little sherry, pour over the meat, and serve with a border of spinach.

Russian Fish Salad

Flake any cold white fish, arrange it in a salad bowl, decorate with strips of anchovy, sardine, and chopped egg, also some chopped gherkin and capers. Surround with a ring of cold boiled and sliced new potatoes, and pour mayonnaise sauce over the centre. Garnish with chopped gherkin and capers.

Spinach Omelette

Rub about ½ lb. of cooked spinach through a sieve or chop it finely on a board. Heat it up with a little brown sauce and season to taste; let it get quite hot. Prepare a plain omelette, put the spinach in the centre of it, fold in the ends, and let the omelette colour. Dish up, pouring a little gravy round.

Eggs and Spaghetti

Throw ½ lb. of spaghetti into boiling salted water, and cook fast till tender—about twenty minutes. Drain in a colander. Have ready some eggs, which have been boiled ten minutes, and some tomato sauce which has been thickened with ½ oz. of butter, rolled in ½ oz. of flour. Cut the eggs in slices, and warm them in the tomato sauce. Arrange the spaghetti in a circle on a hot dish. Put the eggs in the centre, scatter chopped parsley over, and serve. Some grated cheese stirred into the tomato sauce is a great improvement. This is a nice luncheon dish.

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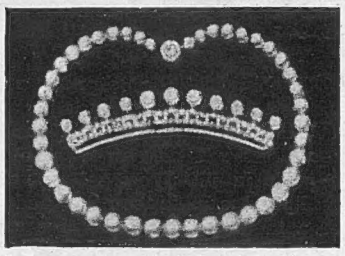

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The Editor's Box

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"A Scrap of Paper"

From the warm and enthusiastic reception accorded to Miss Nancy Price and Mr. Lyn Harding's charming production of Mr. Frederick Fenn's version of Sardou's great comedy, *A Scrap of Paper*, at the Criterion Theatre, it seems likely to settle down into the success of a second *Diplomacy*. In spite of the heat, and the attractions of Ascot, the business has been excellent during the past week.

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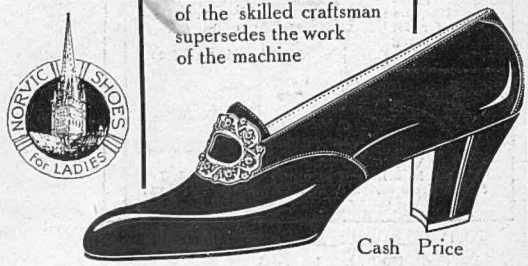

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